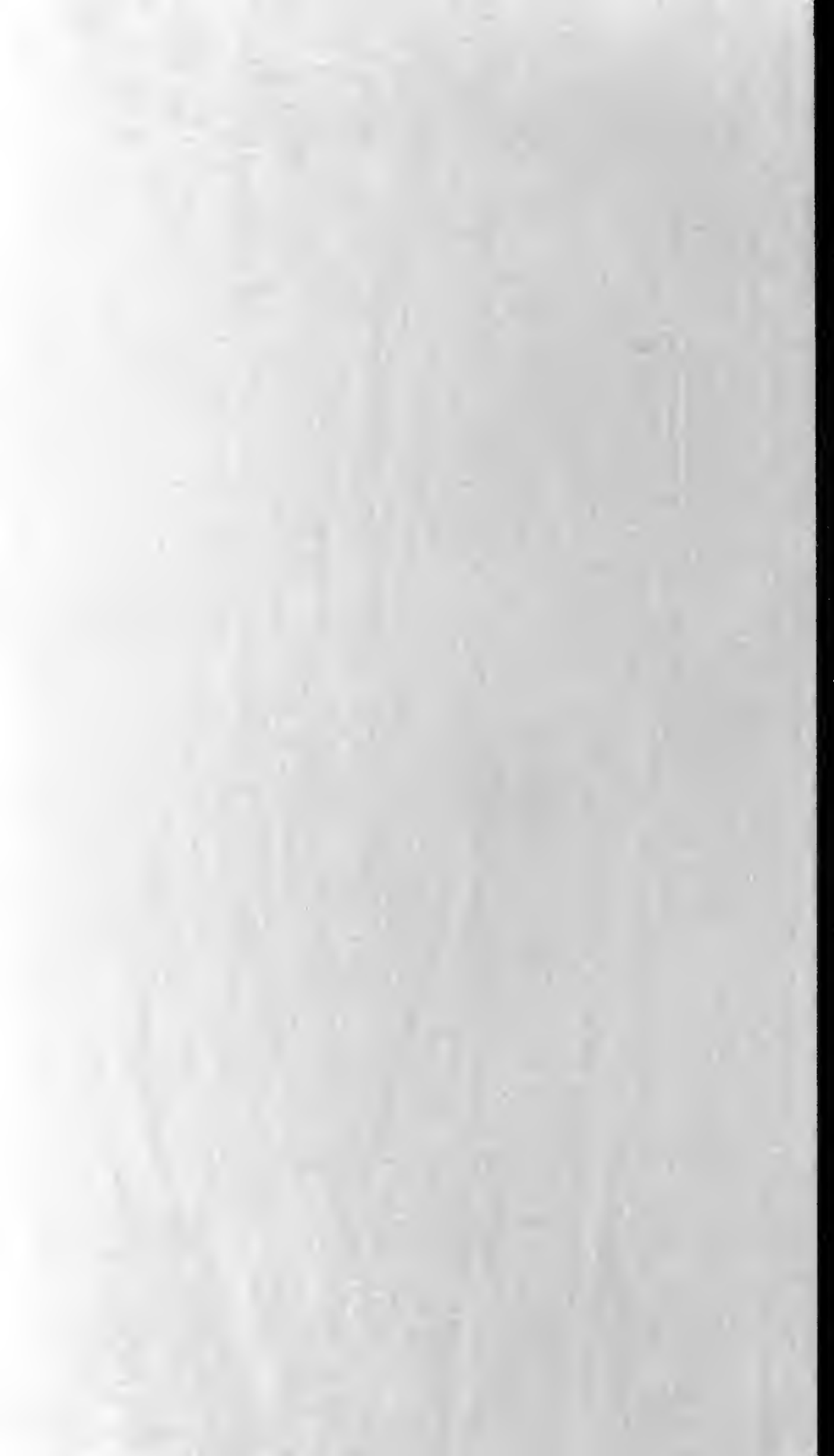
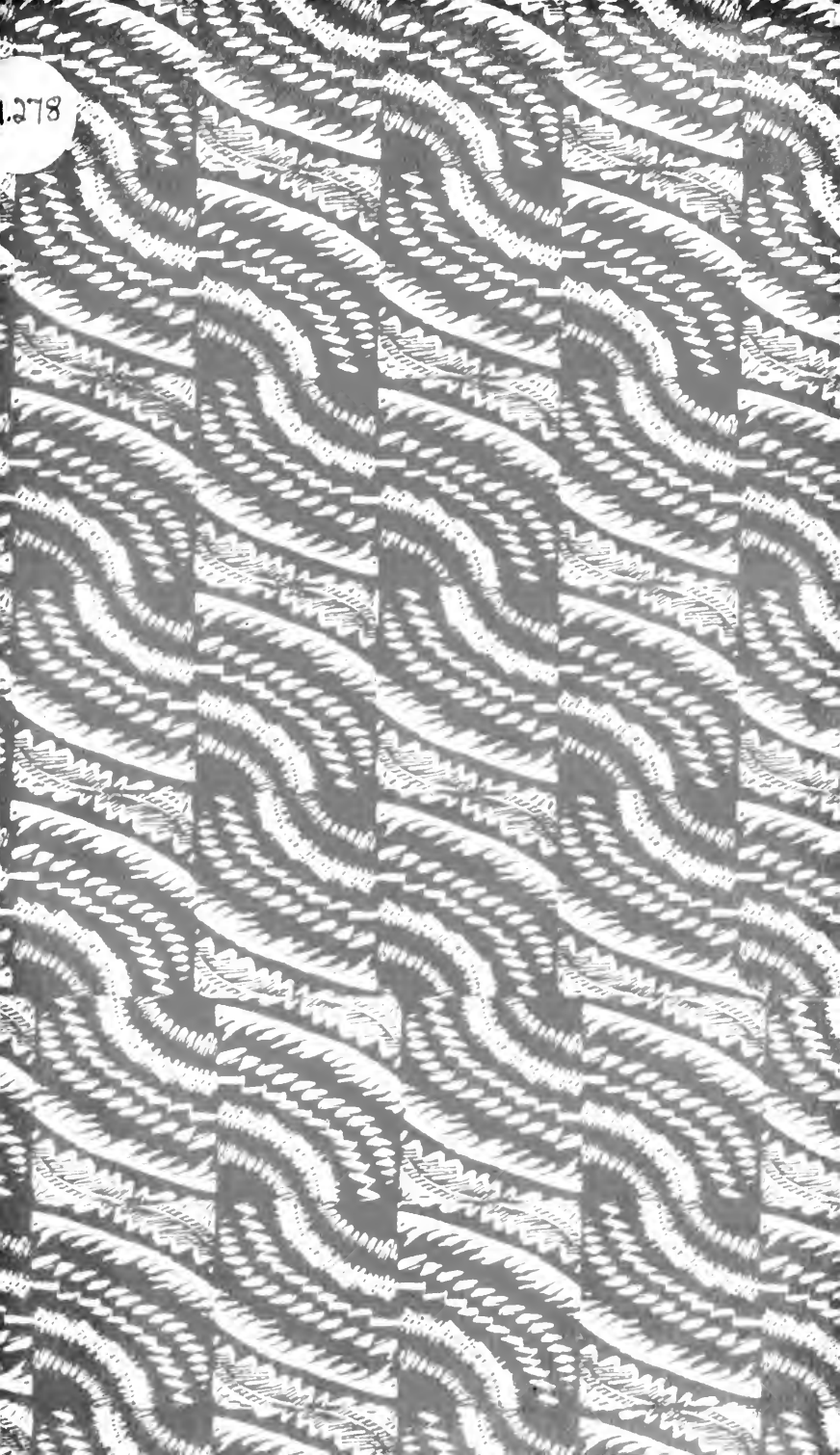


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THE
DELINQUENT:

OR,

SEEING COMPANY:

A COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

BY FREDERICK REYNOLDS.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME,
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1805.

By T. Gillet, Salisbury-Square.

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PROLOGUE.

WRITTEN BY A FRIEND,

AND SPOKEN BY MR. BRUNTON.

ERE yet November o'er the Sons of Care
Has shed the influence of her flagging air,
A Bard, who oft has found protection here,
Once more attempts each drooping heart to cheer
Assays to bid corroding thoughts retire,
And strike the sprightlier note upon the lyre.
But oh! with fearful heart and anxious breast,
Once more he comes to stand the awful test.
Used to the smiles of an indulgent town,
He feels a double terror at its FROWN.
Yet though his humbler efforts urge no claim
To the bright meed of literary fame,
He boasts, that while he strives the laugh to raise,
It ever shall be done by honest ways :
And if your smiles their favoring aid impart,
He still can lay his hand upon his heart,
And say, while listening to your kind applause,
I have not injured VIRTUE'S SACRED CAUSE.
With this one claim, he dubious leaves the rest
To the kind justice of each candid breast.
He oft has ranged thro' Nature's ample fields,
Tried what the garden, what the forest yields,
Cull'd every flower that lay within his view,
And when he wove it, brought the wreath to you.
If then, amid the garland of to-night,
Some simple, modest flowerets start to sight,
Your fav'ring plaudits, like the génial ray,
Will spread the opening blossoms of the day :
But should our friends deny that fostering power,
The Author's HOPE must WITHER like the FLOWER.

DRAMATIS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

| | |
|-----------------------------|--------------------|
| The Delinquent | MR. KEMBLE. |
| Sir Edward Specious..... | MR. BRUNTON. |
| Major Tornado..... | MR. MUNDEN. |
| Old Doric..... | MR. FAWCETT. |
| Young Doric..... | MR. LEWIS. |
| Dorville..... | MR. CLAREMONT. |
| Tradelove..... | MR. ATKINS. |
| Wine Merchant..... | MR. KING. |
| Upholster..... | MR. BEVERLY. |
| Landlord..... | MR. WADDY. |
| Old Nicholas..... | MR. LISTON. |
| Tom Tackle..... | MR. EMERY. |
| Waiter..... | MR. HARLEY. |
| Servant to Sir Edward..... | MR. FIELD. |
| Servant to Young Doric..... | MR. ABBOT. |
| Olivia..... | MRS. H. JOHNSTONE. |
| Miss Stoic..... | MRS. DIBDIN. |
| Mrs. Aubrey..... | MRS. GIBBS. |

Scene—A Sea-port Town.

THE
DELINQUENT:

OR,
SEEING COMPANY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Outside of Hermitage—Spikes, &c.*

Enter SIR EDWARD SPECIOUS.

Sir Edward.

SO; this is the house; and that no time may be lost (*rings the bell*) Faith! 'tis a strange awful sort of habitation; but no matter; were it a town impregnable, in such a cause, I would assault it.

Enter NICHOLAS, *an old tottering Gardener.*

Come, shew me to Miss Stoic.

Nich. My mistress! mercy on me! do you know who she is?

Sir Edw. To be sure; she's a woman—

Nich. And you are—

Sir Edw. A man!

Nich. The more the pity! Good day!

Sir Edw. What the devil! am I pitied for being a man?

Nich. Certainly—my mistress pities all mankind;
A 3 that

that is, they are so hateful to her, that she has forsworn the world, and lives alone in that hermitage.

Sir Edw. Alone ! why, what are you ?

Nich. Me ! pooh ! I'm nothing !

Sir Edw. No ! but nothing as you are, I fancy there never was a female hermitage without something like you—But, don't be alarm'd—I visit the old lady for the sake of a young one, the lovely Miss Olivia.

Nich. Miss Olivia !

Sir Edw. Ay : I met her last night at a friend's house,—and hearing she was the adopted child of your mistress, Miss Stoic's brother—

Nich. She is ;—of the gallant Major Tornado, who, blessings on him, arrived here two days ago.

Sir Edw. Major Tornado ! tell me—was he lately at Naples ?

Nich. I can't say : but its not unlikely, for he came over land from India.

Sir Edw. From India ! 'tis the same—I met him there, on my travels, three months ago ; and a more active, animated—But a hermitage ! Major Tornado two whole days in a hermitage ! with no companion but this Petrarch in petticoats—Zounds ! is he alive ?

Nich. Hardly ! the quiet of a country life is almost death to him ; and whilst his sister is constantly praising the charms of retirement, he is secretly cursing them. But here he comes, to describe, in person, his dislike to rural felicity.

[*Exit into the House.*]

Enter MAJOR TORNADO.

Sir Edw. Major Tornado ! I rejoice to see you.

Major. Sir Edward ! my dear fellow ! how long have you been in England ? the sight of a civilized being is pleasant any where ; but, in the country, amidst trees that never move, prospects that never alter,

alter, and brutes that never utter—Where do you live? Where are you going? don't shirk—for, like a drowning man, I'll cling to you, till we both sink together.

Sir Edw. You are very good; but I don't mean to sink. The country has, for me, a thousand charms; and, for civilized society—answer me—can cows speak scandal, or sheep tell lies of us.

Major. No; I wish they could—any conversation's better than none; for, is it to be expected, that an old soldier, who, for forty years, has been listening to the glorious rattle of the cannon, can now sit down contented with the baaing of lambs, and the squeaking of little pigs? No, give me noise, battle, occupation! And, sooner than pass another two days of still life in that hermitage, curse me, but I'll do good to the community by sending challenges to all the apothecaries, and bringing actions against all the attornies.

Sir Edw. 'Tis very strange! pray, have you tried rural sports?—shooting—fishing—

Major. Shooting! that's very well! as if a man, that has been accustomed to wing game six feet high, can take interest in popping at partridges! and for fishing, I tried that yesterday; and falling fast asleep with the line round my hand, the first bite from a large jack plumped me soufe into the water. But, I'll tell you what—I've one resource—I mean to build a neat cottage, on the modern plan.

Sir Edw. On the modern plan?

Major. Ay; that is, a house with dining rooms, drawing rooms, ball rooms, and stabling for about fifty horses—and, if the workmen will be so merciful, as to take two years to finish it, I shall have all the pleasure, without any of the fatigue; for, at that time, my leave of absence expires, and I'll return to India without once setting foot in it.

Sir

Sir Edw. Why, you are in a bad way indeed! Have you no mental resources? Nothing to excite love or friendship, or—

Major. Don't talk of it:—I have an adopted child; but—

Sir Edw. But what?

Major. She's undutiful to me, ungrateful to my sister here, Miss Stoic, and I'm sorry for it. Her story interested me, it cut me to the heart; and though I adopted Olivia without seeing her, yet I pictured to myself a lovely, helpless orphan, bidding me welcome by the name of father—benefactor—But, now, look ye, Sir Edward, if time don't make his clocks strike months instead of hours, my leave of absence will extend much beyond this world; for I can find no peace or comfort but in war, battle, and general uproar.

Sir Edw. Undutiful, and ungrateful, do you say? How! in what manner?

Major. How! why, when her best friend, there, my sister (*pointing to Hermitage*) finding her mind untutored, and her manners awkward, wished her to remove from her present negligent governess, Miss Olivia refused to comply forsooth—But I've done with her—As soon as I can find a house to place her in, she shall bid adieu to this neighbourhood for ever; and to me, and my friendship, and—no, hang it, after all, perhaps, if I must have employment, I can't pass time much better than in, now and then, sending a bank note to a poor, abandoned orphan.

Sir Edw. Right, Major! do not quite forsake her—and as you're such a stranger here, if I can be of service—My aunt, for instance, has a house, a few miles off, and will, I'm sure, be ready to receive her.

Major. Indeed! that's the very thing; for I promised my sister she should be sent away to-night,

night, and I'll go tell her directly. But, I say, who is to conduct her? For, tho' I've the highest opinion of your character, Sir Edward——

Sir Edw. 'Sdeath, sir! if you doubt that I'm a man of honour!

Major. Oh! no; not at all.—But, begging your pardon, it is possible now-a-days to be a man of very great honour, and yet be a very sad rascal: for, seducing the wife or daughter of your friend, and, afterwards shooting him in a duel, don't in the least deprive you of the fashionable appellation. Yet, seriously, Sir Edward, you rank so high in every good man's praise, that I safely may trust you.

Sir Edw. You may depend on't.—I see you would avoid Olivia.—I will inform her of your wishes.

Major. Do;—directly—while I prepare an attendant (*going towards the Hermitage*). Look! what a miserable hole am I going into! My sister has a strong, enlighten'd mind, and can support solitude; but I'm so little of the hermit—Hark ye! come back as fast as you can, and I'll take a peep with you, at all the pretty faces in the public walks; for, tho' Miss Stoic hates our sex, I'm very fond of hers; and if I find I can't manage time any other way, i'cod I'll take a wife.

Sir Edw. Do.

Major. I will; for, next to war, I know nothing more likely to give a gentleman ample employment.

[*Exit into Hermitage.*]

Sir Edw. Bravo! Sir Edward! You have won the prize—and yet, shan't lose each good man's praise; for here's the stalking-horse, to cloak my guilt; here is the desperate and convenient friend, that is to answer for his patron's crimes.

Enter

Enter the DELINQUENT.

Why what's the matter ? What agitates you ?

Delin. That, which gives joy to you, the fight of England, of your native land—No friendly, kindred smile hails my return ; and I, who once was welcom'd, and lov'd like you, now, if I'm known, I'm known to be destroyed.

Sir Edw. Be patient, and remember well—'Tis but a year ago since, in a poor Italian inn, I found you almost perishing for want.

Delin. You did ; at Lucca—and I repeat what then I told you, much as my life is worth, so much I owe you. (*With fullen pride*)

Sir Edw. Remember, too, I knew you at first fight. Knew you were the man, who had so wrong'd, and so deceiv'd my father ; but, burying in oblivion all past injuries, offer'd to protect you.

Delin. You have ; and what are your commands ? I see you have in view some daring, desperate service ; and I am bound, and pledg'd to undertake it.

Sir Edw. Why, then, in brief, here, at the neighbouring school, there is a lovely girl, and none can thwart me in my plans, but her suspicious governess. You understand—she must be someway silenc'd, and yet my name kept secret.

Delin. And mine proclaimed—Well, be it so ; yet——

Sir Edw. No remonstrance : be it yours ; be it yours to execute my wishes ; no hesitation, or——

Delin. And do I hesitate ? No ; yet think a little, Sir Edward—you can, as yet, look into yourself : can see a spotless and untainted heart ! and if, expanding with its pangs, hereafter it would
burst

burst its bonds, as mine would now, how will you curse the selfishness of him who joined to screen you from the world's reproaches, but left you tortured by your own.

Sir Edw. Farewell! I have not leisure for this busy, dull advice. You'll wait for me at home—and, mind, tho' I've the power to overwhelm you, it is my wish to serve, and to befriend you.

[*Exit.*

Delin. Still, still must I smother in my proud breast all feeling of a man.—Must I, who once was equal to this worldly youth, in power, and wealth, and fame; still must I submit to be menaced and commanded? better the penalty of my delinquency were death at once, than to endure this daily respite from perdition (*going*); yet, no; death robs me of the hope of finding that, for which alone I ventured to revisit England; and, could I clasp the long lost treasure to my heart!—Oh! that tender thought recalls me to my former self; and, when I think of what I was—Distraction! when, when will merciful forgetfulness yield that repose which cruel men, and too severe a destiny, deny me.

SCENE II.—*A Room at Mrs. AUBREY'S.*

Enter MRS. AUBREY.

Mrs. Aub. 'Tis very strange! Olivia not returned! Oh! she little thinks each minute seems an age! And, much I wish her generous benefactor would arrive, for I suspect I am her only friend, and friendship, such as mine, alas! is but of poor avail.

Enter

Enter OLIVIA.

Olivia. Oh, my dear madam! what do you think? I'm afraid you'll be so angry; for I've lost something, indeed I have—something you've had possession of ever since I first saw you.

Mrs. Aub. Speak! what is it, Olivia?

Olivia. My heart—nothing less than my heart. I took it out with me, but somehow I dropt it on the sea-shore, and who should pick it up but such a sweet, rude, delightful—Do you know when I ask'd him for it again, he downright refused me, and so I told him to give me another—and he did, very civilly; he gave me his own; and they beat in such unison, that I don't think either of us will be sorry for the change as long as we exist.

Mrs. Aub. Heavens! who is it? Not Sir Edward Specious?

Olivia. Oh! no; the confident creature only arrived just time enough to see me insulted by two intoxicated coxcombs; so flying to my assistance, and forcing them to acknowledge they had both got drunk and forgot themselves: "Get drunk again," says he, "for you can't do better than forget what's so little worth remembering."—Lord! ma'am, tho' you don't like Sir Edward, I do verily believe we shall quite quarrel, and pull caps about this gentleman.

Mrs. Aub. Olivia, yours is the age of danger; and, judging by your own of other's merits, man has with you no art, the world no vice; but, after seven long years of tenderness and care; now, when I hoped to reap the harvest of my toils, think, should I see it blighted and despoiled by insects, venomous as vile?—

Olivia. I thought, as 'twas holiday time, and
all

all my young friends were gone to their respective homes, that I might amuse myself in my turn; and I'm sure, losing one's heart is very pretty amusement: but, if you think otherwise, I had rather it had broken into a thousand atoms, than that the best of monitors and friends, should, for one instant, think Olivia thoughtless, and ungrateful.

Mrs. Aubr. Oh! but for you—(*embracing her, and weeping*) you see my weakness—should you forsake me?—

Olivia. Forsake you! You, who have so watched, and——

Mrs. Aubr. Have I?

Olivia. And sure I needed it; for all but me, alas! have homes, have parents.

Mrs. Aubr. Hold, I implore you! 'Tis the subject upon which he who adopted you has commanded a fix'd and eternal silence.

Enter SIR EDWARD SPECIOUS.

Sir Edw. Ladies, your most obedient.—I have the honour to inform you that Major Tornado is arrived from India.

Mrs. Aubr. Arriv'd! Where? Oh! let us fly to meet him.

Sir Edw. Nay; I'm sorry to add, that Miss Oliva has offended his sister; and, at her request, she is instantly to be removed—

Mrs. Aubr. Removed! Oh! slanderous, fordid woman! 'Tis to monopolize her brother's wealth she thus defames the rival that she dreads. I'll confront her with the best of proofs.—(*taking Olivia's hand*) That look of artlessness and truth, opposed to her's of treachery and guile, shall flash conviction on his mind, and innocence shall triumph. Come!——

Sir Edw. You are wrong—leave it to me—I have

have settled with the Major, and she will be sent this very night, to a friend's house of mine.

Mrs. Aub. Sir, you are very kind; but let 'em banish her to distant climes, I'm also banish'd; for, but with life I'll leave her.

Sir Edw. Stop—one word—[*taking her aside*] Are you aware that, of my large estate, this house forms part? And, as my Steward tells me, there are arrears of rent.—

Mrs. Aub. Ha! do you menace?

Sir Edw. Not at all: Between ourselves, I would accommodate—Befriend my suit—be a complying, civil Governess, and——

Mrs. Aub. Begone! at present, I am mistress of this house, and, not me alone, you mistake your country, if you think there lives one Guardian of an English seminary, that would unite with libertines, like you, to blast the hopes of parent and of child—Begone! or I'll proclaim you, Sir.

Sir Edw. And who'll believe you; he, who, for years, has courted popularity, by public acts of spirit and humanity, can laugh at private malice, and therefore, be prepared for a most powerful and deadly foe. [Going.]

Olivia. Detain him! make friends with him! I tremble at his threats!—Sir!

Mrs. Aub. There is the door, sir.

Sir Edw. Madam, I comprehend you. (*to Olivia*) And if the Major fail to influence this busy friend, still I'll not despair; for the aspiring mind yields not to common obstacles; but in a contest, glorious as the present, is most determin'd where 'tis most oppos'd. Farewell! and trust to those who are your real friends.

[*Exit, looking at Mrs. Aubrey.*]

Olivia. Dear Madam, why were you so rash?—my heart forebodes——

Mrs. Aub. Fear not, but away—Tho' weakest arm'd,

arm'd, we have the strongest cause; and the proud courage of the virtuous few can vanquish hosts of braggards such as these. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III.—*Outside of Hotel—(Sea-shore)
a Yacht.*

Enter LANDLORD, and WAITER from the HOTEL.

Land. Come, bustle, bustle! for see what crowds of carriages are pouring down the hill—Look! isn't it a noble sight? chaises, sociables, phætons, curricles, gigs, whiskies, tandems, tax'd carts, and dog-carts—and all—all flocking from the races at the next town, to make sport for Paul Pigeon, and the Pelican.

Waiter. Ay; but have they cash to pay for it? for, of many that went from this town, with full pockets, I'm sure most will come home with empty ones.

Land. And see! here's one already.—Here's honest Tom Tackle—I warrant they've stript him of the last feather, and——

Enter TOM TACKLE.

Well, Tom, racing is a bad business, isn't it? *(Tom crosses)* Why, what's the matter? Are you going to buy a rope to hang yourself?

Tom. No; I'm going to buy one of those smart kind of dog-carts yonder, because, now I've got the poney, why, like other pups of fashion, I'll turn coachy, you see.

Land. Got the poney? How!

Tom.

Tom. Why, by jockeyship to be sure—Look! (*Shewing a purse full of guineas*) He! he! he! mother only made me a sort of a simple sailor, to be sure; but then, good soul, she also made me a north countryman—and I don't think she could have done more for me, if she'd made me great Cream of Tartary—And so, you see, tho' Miss Fidget were the favourite, and, all hollow, the best horse, yet somehow I found the blacklegs, as they call 'em, were all for taking the long odds on Master Jacky; so, thinks I, I'd better be for Master Jacky and Blacklegs too; and, of course, you know, we won; and accordingly I went up to your lords and baronets, to touch my winnings, when, wou'd you believe it, they talk'd of settling with me two hundred miles off—at one Tatterfal's, at Hyde Park Corner—"But" says I, "Gentlemen, I hope you be joking, for I hate to seem awkward or unfashionable; but, if you're serious, I must really horsewhip you all round the race-course"—and I just gave a smack or two, and here's the prize-money. He! he! he! I might have known it all along, for we Jack Tars are sure to win it, ay, tho' the odds be a million to one against us.

Land. So you are; but then, Tom, to be so rude to your superiors.—

Tom. Superiors! bless ye, there be no such thing at races, or any kind of gambling. (*Landlord stares*) No; betting do bring on such a sweet familiarity, and we, sporting gentlemen, be somehow so all on a footing, that, at the ordinary, when Lord Tiffany propos'd a maggot race, "Done Tiffy" cried I—And when sir William swore he'd win all the hearts in the ball-room, "I'll tell you what, Billy" says I—"I'll make love for a hundred pounds to any beauty in the room, and make it play and pay, and crossing and jostling, just as you like" and then they all laugh'd, and I laugh'd too—

And,

And, iced! I only wish they had tried me, for, at making love—making punch—and dancing a horn-pipe, Tom against the field, boy!—But now for my carriage! (*whipping*)

Land. Stop; you forgot that that's Sir Edward's yacht; and that you, as master of it——

Tom. No; and if Ned, that is, Sir Edward, do choose a race upon the water, mind if I don't jockey sea-sharks as neatly as I have done land ones.

Voices without. Here—stop—draw up!

Tom. There they are, and here I go! And, I say, should any of the most genteel and tip toppest o'your customers, like a game at Put, or Scratch, or Sneezums, or Pope Joan, why, you'll send for me to mother's cottage.—As its the best way to make a fortune, so I'll push it, while fortune be in the humour—I say (*holding up his purse*) Jack Tar, North Country, and Master Jacky, against the field! he! he! he!

Land. There they are indeed! and foremost in the rank, two such wealthy looking gentlemen, stepping out of their own post chaise and four—Why, during race-time, fortune seems in humour with every body I think.

Enter YOUNG DORIC, DORVILLE, and
POST-BOY.

Y. Doric. Go, mind the horses, sir. [*Exit boy.*
And mind, I say again—'tis fortune has undone me.

Dorv. And I say again, you're ruin'd by seeing company.

Land. Oh! ruin'd, are they? Now I look at 'em again, I think I never saw two more vulgar, sharper-like—Tom, we've no beds, no—mum!

[*Exit Tom into the Hotel.*

Doric. There—you see—

Y. Doric. Be quiet! I'll bring you thro'! Landlord, my friend here will want tea and supper, and all that—but, for myself, my food is love.—And if you know the dear, divine Miss Olivia Tornado, whom I saw just now, and fought for on the sea-shore—Where does she live? Who does she visit? At what parties can I meet her?

Dorv. You meet her! here's assurance again! Why, who'll invite you?

Y. Doric. Who? Why, the greatest person in the town—myself—I'll invite myself—and I'm right—am I not, old Pelican?

Land. Certainly; for, perhaps nobody else will invite you.

Y. Doric. How!

Land. Why, look ye, when gentlemen of fortune and respectability visit this town, the town visits them; but when people bring with them neither money nor manners, why, even old Pelican turns his back upon them.

Y. Doric. Stop! in your inn is there a handsome ball-room?

Land. To be sure there is.

Y. Doric. Then, observe—write a hundred cards in my name; in the name of Jack Doric, of Piccadilly, London, and invite a hundred of your first neighbours to a splendid ball and supper—and look, here are a hundred respectable gentlemen to answer for it. (*Shews a note-case.*)

Land. So there are! Oh, your honour, a thousand pardons.

Y. Doric. One for each pound—a hundred will do.

Dorv. 'Sdeath! what madness and effrontery! Nobody knows you, and of course, nobody will accept your invitation.

Y. Doric.

Y. Doric. Won't they ? My dear fellow, people think so much more of the supper, than they do of the person who gives it, that if, by mistake, instead of "Jack Doric's," he were to write, "Jack Ketch's compliments," my life on't, there woudn't be three excuses.—And now I'll tell you both a secret. Spunging is a sneaking, hacknied art ; and, instead of toiling to get dinners, always try to give them.

Land. Give dinners !

Y. Doric. To be sure. Let every body suppose you don't want money, and any body is so ready to lend it to you, that, whilst the poor and cringing sponge, borrows half-crowns with difficulty, he who gives sumptuous entertainments, confers a favour, by accepting hundreds ; and, as a proof, [*to landlord*] George talk'd of ruin, and you turn'd your back—I give a supper and its "Oh ! your honour, and a thousand pardons."

Land. Gad ! so it is : and I can't help laughing at the world and myself too.

Y. Doric. No ; and, were my motives sordid, each bottle of your wine, to-night, should yield me twenty times your profit : but 'tis from love I act—I would be known and notic'd by Olivia's friends ;—so, come, I'll help you to make out the cards ; (*to landlord*,) and for my friend, you, George, prepare the paragraphs and puffs : for Balls are nothing now, 'till stamp'd by newspaper report ; and every giver of a fête must, like quack doctors, publish lists of names, to shew they've equal custom and repute.

Dorv. Stay ! are you aware that, out of 15,000*l.* earned by your late good father, as an architect, this hundred is the last ?

Y. Doric. I am ; and also that my uncle will dissolve our partnership ; but, if I fail, I only wrong myself ; and if my plan succeeds, you know

my friend shall share in my success. 'Tis my last stake, and by heav'n I'll make the most of it. So, here! house! waiter rooms, wine and supper for a hundred,

[*Exeunt into the Inn.*]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Room inside of the Hermitage. Door in the back Scene.*

Miss Stoic discovered sitting with a Book in her Hand, reading.

Miss Stoic.

“OH, world, world! but that thy strange mutations make us hate thee, life would not yield to age!” Well, well! So long mitanthropy has chill’d my soul, so long I’ve shunn’d life’s miserable scenes, that sometimes I prefer to read those bards that point its blessings out. Sterne, Congreve, or a modern German play—oh, had I met with social minds like these—but here’s my brother; and for a time I must assume the love of solitude and rural peace.

Enter MAJOR TORNADO.

Well, fir, I hope the hour of reason has arrived, and that you own your error.

Major. I do: you were right, Dorothy, you are always right; but when I abused a country life, I little thought it could afford such pleasures.

Miss Stoic. (with triumph) Oh, the country can afford pleasures then?

Major. Plenty! ’tis the place of all others for an old soldier to retire to; for, I’ll tell you—Sir Edward took me to their club, to their arcadian meeting

ing, and, upon my honour—that is, for the time it lasted—I don't think I ever saw a more general engagement, or much sharper fighting.

Miss Stoic. Fighting!

Major. Aye: it seems there are three parties in this vale of peace and innocence; 'Squire Dobson's party, Vicar Robson's party, and Apothecary Hobson's party; and, like good quiet neighbours, they have been all in Chancery these twelve years, about the right of fishing in a gudgeon stream; which stream proving to be the same I tumbled into yesterday, one said I might at any time fish and drown myself there with his leave, and another said I should not drown myself there without his leave, till, from words, these rural Yorks and Lancasters got to blows, and then—oh, I was wrong sister; for I see now there's no difference between camps and country towns, except that, by combatting for kingdoms, you sometimes gain promotion, but, by fighting for gudgeons, you don't even get half-pay for your services.

Miss Stoic. For shame! for shame! this is the sex; this is your boasted male society! Had you kept company with such as me——

Major. What, with the ladies! Oh Lord, their parties run ten times higher; for we drank tea with the Sheriff's wife, an old Red Rose dowager; and her opposite neighbour, a White Rose, having lately built a new bow-window to improve her prospect, curse me if Mrs. Sheriff didn't order her husband to erect a gallows, and hang a tall highwayman plump in the front of it. It will do, it will do! I am already chuck-full of rural ardour, and to-morrow I shall have more of it; for Sir Edward Specious gives a grand concert to both armies, and has appointed me generalissimo.

Miss Stoic. You!

Major.

Major. Aye: I am to marshal out the music; reconnoitre for the fingers, and manœuvre the band: and I know what I'm about; for instead of the rustic carol, and the shepherd's pipe, they shall have nothing but war's alarms, and wind instruments. And, see, I'm not to spare expence; no, he has given me these two hundred pounds (*showing bank-notes.*)

Miss Stoic. Two hundred pounds!

Mrs. Aub. (*without*) Let me pass! I must and will see him!

Miss Stoic. Heavens! here's insolence! *Mrs. Aubrey!*

Major. What, the bad governess! The—now we shall hear—

Enter Mrs. AUBREY.

Mrs. Aub. Oh, sir, admit Olivia! She is without, imploring to behold, for the first time, her friend, her sole protector.

Miss Stoic. Then there let her stay: I wholly influence my brother's mind, and—

Major. You do, sister; and think you, madam, (*to Mrs. Aubrey*) I can wish to see one so untutored and ungrateful?

Mrs. Aub. Ungrateful! Oh, your pardon, sir; but the inventor of a slanderous tale is scarce more criminal than he who wantonly believes it; for calumny would perish in its birth, but that a credulous, misjudging world rush forth to hail and to mature it.

Major. Why, that's very true, indeed.

Mrs. Aub. Judge for yourself then, sir, and oft you'll find that from some random and unmeaning cause, vice gains that credit which virtue would for ever lose, but for its own superior triumph,

Major.

Major. True again : for whilst our old colonel was never accused of inebriety, though his face was the herald of three bottles a day ; yet, because I once in my life quaffed too much port, the whole regiment raised the cry of " mad-dog," and I was nick-named Major Blackstrap ever after. So let me investigate——

Mrs. Aub. Oh, I will fly——

Miss Stoic. Hold ! she treads not on this hal-low'd ground ! And for you, brother, dare to dispute my word ; and on such poor, suspicious evidence as her's.

Mrs. Aub. (with pride) Madam !

Miss Stoic. Aye ; whence came you ? What's your mysterious story ? Why conceal——

Mrs. Aub. Conceal ! 'Tis known that years ago I came as governess to Mrs. Lorimer, and on her death was her successor. What more should I reveal ?

Miss Stoic. Only why, in frantic grief you have so often proclaimed yourself a guilty wretch ; aye, and at Olivia's sight, have bid her shun you as a pestilence, a fiend—(*Mrs. Aubrey shews great agitation*)—Deny it not.

Major. How ! Is this true ?

Mrs. Aub. No—yes : pity me, spare me ; but, for protecting her—thus let me kneel and bless you !

Major. What !

Mrs. Aub. She has no faults, nor have I one to her. Oh yes ; I have—but not as monitress ; for, schooled myself in error, I would have rather died a thousand deaths than not have profited by such example, and taught Olivia gratitude and truth.

Major. Enough—you have confirmed my sister's story ; guilty yourself, you have corrupted her, and I've for ever lost—Go, leave me !

Miss

Miss Stoic. Stay—I insist Olivia is removed to-night.

Major. She shall.

Mrs. Aubr. Where? not to Sir Edward's! You cannot—will not—

(Major points towards the door)

What! you persist! Well, let me go:—But, till Olivia shall herself consent to be the sacrifice of art and falsehood, I will, alone, be surety for her honour—Farewel! once more my blessings wait you *(kissing his hand)*; and, did you know the secret motives that direct me—

Major. Relate them now.

Mrs. Aub. Never; they would complete Olivia's ruin. And yet I hope the eventful hour will come, when a poor orphan, long from its kindred branches torn, shall, in defiance of the withering storm, still grow and flourish in its native soil.

[Exit.]

Major. Now this I call a very odd woman—a very odd woman indeed! and what with one kind of rural felicity and another, I'm all over in a sort of charming conflagration. Poor girl! poor Olivia! I say, sister, 'tis lucky I never saw her.

Miss Stoic. It is: nor had you seen this artful governess, but for my senseless servant—He knows that none of human form gain entrance in this calm abode.

Enter OLD NICHOLAS, hastily.

Nich. Lord, ma'am! I'm so flurried! Here's a servant from one Mr. Jack Doric, of Piccadilly, London; and he insists on your company this evening to a ball at the hotel.

Miss Stoic. My company!

Nich. Ay: and yours also, Major—here are the cards.

Miss Stoic. I shall run wild. Brother, go forth yourself,

yourself, and silence these invaders, whilst I seclude myself in my recess.

Major. Do ; retire to your sanctum sanctorum.

[*Exit Miss Stoic at a door in back scene.*
I'll lecture them ! I'll teach them to disturb this sacred, solitary—Shew me to this servant, Sir.

Nich. What for, sir ? Sure you don't mean to go ?

Major. Go !—any where—every where—and tho' I don't know this Mr. Doric, of course he knows me ; or, if he don't, 'tis the more civil of him to ask me—and with his ball, Sir Edward's concert, and the Yorks and Lancasters, I may forget Olivia—No, never—my memory—that helps me where I owe a favour, so fails me at an injury, that I forgive, and can't help glorying in my weakness.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Road.*

Enter DORVILLE.

Dorv. So—as I thought—none yet have noticed Jack's mad cards of invitation ; and I've no hope but one—the letter which, unknown to him, I sent his uncle yesterday, stating his love of study and improvement. Should this regain his worthy partner's friendship, mine will be well rewarded.

Enter YOUNG DORIC.

Y. Doric. Joy, joy, my boy ! I have again held converse with Olivia, met her this moment with her governess—and, what do you think ? they come—both come

Dorv. What ! to the ball ?

Y. Doric. Ay : they refus'd at first ; but when they saw, amongst my list of visitors, Major Tornado's name, they told me such a long-affecting tale,

tale of him, his sister, and Sir Edward Specious, that 'twas resolved to meet him at my ball; and if it saves Olivia from the snares of villains, this, my last hundred, shall afford me more pure substantial joy, than all my former thousands yielded.

Dorv. Granted: but suppose the Major don't come, or, what is worse, suppose nobody comes.

Y. Doric. Ay: there's the rub.

(Holds down his head.)

Dorv. What! you begin to be alarmed?

Y. Doric. Not for myself, but for Olivia and her friend—their fate depends on my success, and not one answer yet—none nibbling at the bait!—Zounds! is credulity confined to cities! and here, where air encreases appetite, shall suppers go uneaten?

Dorv. Pooh! nonsense! in London, you are known.

Y. Doric. So I am every where. A common swindler might expect no guests—but, fam'd Jack Doric! on whose gala nights, all Bond-street, and all Bow-street are let loose, and who so occupies both town and country talk, that, even scandal must give way to my chalked floors, hot suppers, and hot rooms—and, shall not bumpkins bite? Now when two helpless women rest their hopes—

Enter Servant.

Well, sir, what news? What has detained you?

Serv. Lord, sir, consider—I've had to deliver a hundred cards of invitation, and wait for almost as many answers.

Y. Doric. Where are they then? *(snatches them out of his hand)* Now be propitious for Olivia's sake: *(reads the cards)* “Mrs. Squeeze's compliments, comes—Rev. Tim Tantrum's compliments, comes—Doctor and Mrs. Tarradiddle's compliments—bring with them their town visitors, Alderman Cram, a Dutch Commissioner, and

two gentlemen from the Victualling Office." Bravo! they bite—and if they come in crowds, why, 'tis the London mode; for, when the gala season once sets in, they flock, like geese, and cackle for their supper! Ah, but the Major—What says Olivia's benefactor!

Serv. Oh, sir! he is so eager, and so pleas'd, that he is gone to the ball-room already.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Y. Doric There, George! what say you to my system now? Had I gone cringing to the Major's door, would it have served Olivia?—But back'd by balls, and such a host of guests, may I not hope to ask him to a wedding supper next! And then, no longer will I send out cards of invitation, with the words, "at home;"—but, grown domestic, I shall advertise, that I am "out," the whole year round.

Enter the Delinquent,

Delin. Your pardon, sir; but, if your name be Doric (*to Dorville*).

Y. Doric. I, sir—I am that happy gentleman.

Delin. One word in private, then.

[*Young Doric beckons Dorville to retire.*]

Your name's familiar to my memory,—and, when I read it on the card you sent Sir Edward Specious——

Y. Doric. My card! what, you're left out! My dear sir, if I had room, I'd ask all Europe; but at this rate, I shan't get in myself.

Delin. Sir, you mistake—seeing your name, I merely came to ask if you ever heard of one Sir Arthur Courcy.

Y. Doric. Oh! is that all? Courcy?

Delin. Ay; of Rowland Castle, in Northumberland; he, who fled for debt.

Y. Doric. Debt! no—(*considering*)—yes—didn't my uncle, Mr. Doric, rebuild the castle, by his orders?

Delin. He did: speak quickly—do you know fir Arthur's person?

Y. Doric. No——

Delin. Sure! are you quite sure?

Y. Doric. Quite, or if I did, and his distress proceeded from misfortune, do you suspect that I'd betray him? No; rather I'd invite him to my ball, and, scorning modern ostentatious shew, revive that ancient English hospitality, that cheer'd the wretched, and upheld the poor.

Delin. Would you! I knew him well (*shaking Young Doric's hand violently*).

Y. Doric. Indeed!

Delin. And on some future day perhaps——where, where can he repay those thanks I offer now?

Y. Doric. There—(*taking a card out of his pocket*). And, for yourself, pray join us at the ball,—You'll see, at least, one object worth the seeking—the lovely Miss Tornado.

Delin. Miss Tornado! What! (*having the pocket-book open in his hand, to place the card in it.*)

Y. Doric. Ay: attended by her kind, her worthy governess.

Delin. Worthy! (*trembling, and in his agitation, letting a letter drop from his pocket-book, unseen by him*). You're deceived—she is most guilty—and, not to part her from her lovely charge, by any means however desperate—(*Y. Doric appeals*) yet if she's innocent, the deed will drive me mad.—Oh! that I were already so—then might I plead insanity for pardon; for none but madmen would forsake that peace, which virtue yields—preserve it—cling to it—fortified with that, you boast a bulwark may defy the world!

[*Exit.*

Y. Doric. Now, is this an old complaint, or suddenly brought on from my not asking him to supper. I'll go, and—(*treads on letter*) Oh ho! this may explain, perhaps—listen, (*reads*) “Where have you been loitering? I have kept Major Tornado out of the way, by employing him to provide singers at a great expence for my concert: and, by the enclosed assignment to you, of Mrs. Aubrey's house, you may keep her out of the way, by arresting her directly in your own name, for the 40*l.* due for rent.—Proceed in this, whilst I proceed to bear away her pupil—Edward Specious”—So! a most lively town—and I shall have a goodly company. What's to be done?

Dor. What indeed!

Y. Doric. You've not a guinea to discharge the debt, and my last shilling must discharge the bill—but come—'ere this, the ball's begun, and should it cross Sir Edward in his plots, and this poor tenant be releas'd from bondage, let the floor crack with crowds of company—His is the genuine social plan, who cheers the men and makes the women happy.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*Ball.—Anti-Chamber.—Music.*

Enter MAJOR TORNADO.

Major. So!—hard at it again.—The Yorks and Lancasters have been drawn out in regular line of battle, and to decide!—Who should lead down first couple!—They all called for the court calendar, but that not having the honour of knowing any of them, “Molly put the kettle on,” cried I, and looking fierce, and handing out a sweet, interesting partner, they all grounded their arms

and tript after me, like so many prisoners of war. But where's Mr. Doric, and, who the deuce is he? Nobody seems to know him; but, they say, that's nothing; and, for my part, I like this new acquaintance system as well as any of them; for if a man only visits friends, egad! he won't be ask'd out twice a year. (*Music repeated.*)

YOUNG DORIC *is seen receiving the salutations of the company in the recess.*

That's him! ahem! (*pulling out his chitterlin, &c.*) I mustn't be behind hand, for I'll consult him on Sir Edward's concert—ask him for fingers and musicians.

Y. Doric (*advancing*). Major Tornado, I'm inform'd (*taking his hand*). Nothing unpleasant, I hope, has so long detained you.

Major. Sir! (*bowing*)

Y. Doric. Detain'd! Oh! no—I staid away on purpose. We never arrive, now, 'till an hour after our company; and generally go to another party and leave them; for, you don't come to see me, you know, nor I to see you—but, you come—you—pray, why do you come?

Major. Why, be—upon my soul, I can hardly tell you.

Y. Doric. No! and therefore to relieve both host and visitor, why not the plan that I propose? Why not these great confectioners and cooks, prepare the company, as well as the provisions.

Major. Prepare the company.

Y. Doric. Ay; isn't it as easy to make a little Lord as a large trifle! a woman of fashion, as a whipt syllabub? or a purse-proud citizen, as calf's-foot jelly? And then, Major, we should have the best of parties on the best of terms; for they'd eat no supper, talk no nonsense, and be taken off with the fragments.

Major.

Major. You are the very man I want. Sir, can you help me to conduct a concert?

Y. Doric. To be sure I can.

Major. To-morrow, at Sir Edward Specious's house, and, between ourselves, we've not one finger yet: but, as director, I'm empowered to use all these bank-notes: look! to the best advantage (*shewing them*).

Y. Doric. And Sir Edward wants fingers?

Major. He does indeed!

Y. Doric. And that's to pay for them? (*Major nods assent*) Then, in the next room there is a lady with the clearest and divinest tones! but, by this letter, which I found, a savage landlord, for a debt of forty pounds, now waits to cage the warbling bird. But pay the rascal with Sir Edward's money, and he himself shall, late or early, own, that you have used it to the best advantage.

Major. So he will.—Here, ask the lady to give her notes, and thus I give Sir Edward's—Yet, hold! this savage landlord should not gain his point.

Y. Doric. No, he wont: for, hark ye! he arrest's her to—(*whispering and laughing*)—He! he! and, better still—her name is Aubrey.

Major. Aubrey! what Aubrey?

Y. Doric. Oh! he has heard her voice before, but not to such a tune as this—So, whilst you live, see company, Major; for, at the rate of forty pounds a head, you'll soon grow rich by hospitality—and, for Sir Edward, tell him, the next time the school is in arrears, he had best make it help his education, by taking it in lessons,—ha! ha.—You've used his money to the best advantage! (*Smacks him on the back.*) [Exit.

Major. What! what, Mrs. Aubrey? Surely, not Olivia's governess! Yet, now I recollect, my
sister

sister said——Bless my soul! there's no end to rural diversion! and, haply, whilst pursuing that, I have forgot the best diversion life affords—that of assisting the unfortunate.—Poor, poor Olivia! Zounds! if I'm duped—(*going*)

OLIVIA *appears*.

Oh! here's my partner!—the unknown lady, that I danc'd with.—'Psha! I've no spirits now.

Enter OLIVIA.

Olivia. So! I've found you, sir, at last—Upon my word, a very truant gentleman! to leave your partner staring round the room—Pray, sir, do you mean to dance again?

Major. No, madam; I—

Olivia. No! I wish you had told me so an hour ago; for I've refused a dozen gay, young,—but, then, perhaps, they'll never think of me again—and, somehow, you—come,—come,—go with me.

Major (turning away). I cannot.

Olivia. Dear! (*looking in his face*) How you're altered!—You looked as cheerful, and as pleased—

Major (taking her hand). Farewell! and, unlike her who occupies my thoughts, may you ne'er meet a parents, or protector's cold neglect!

Olivia (bursting into tears). Parents! alas! you've touched upon the string---

Major. In tears! what! they're no more?

Olivia. I know not; but he, who for years supplied to me their loss,—he, who engrossed my blessing and my prayers, has listened to abase, calumnious tale, and cast me on the world, the wretched orphan that he found me.

Major. Orphan!

Olivia. He has! he has;— but his past kindness still rushes on Olivia's memory, and her over-

flowing heart (*falling at his feet*) thus, thus pours forth its gratitude and love.

Major (trying to raise her). Olivia !—come to your protector's arms ! (*embracing her*)

Olivia. My more than parent—my benefactor.

Major. My blessings on thee !

Enter immediately from the back scene, Young Doric and Mrs. Aubrey.

Y. Doric. And mine ! and this wrong'd lady's on you both—and, henceforth, if I can but raise one guinea in the world, I'll give a little party to some friends, just for the chance of a dessert like this.

Olivia (flying to Mrs. Aubrey). Oh ! Mrs. Aubrey ! you, who have shared, and oft outfinil'd my sorrows, does this (*kissing the Major's hand*) does this repay you ?

Mrs. Aubrey. Most amply ; and now, if we are doomed to part—

Major. Part ! shew me who dare propose it. Shew me another villain like Sir Edward——

Y. Doric. And I'll pay him with his own bank-notes—Major, the debt's discharged.

Major. Well, well ; of him I think not—let us this instant to the Hermitage ; for I am sure my sister is as much imposed on as myself ; and her secluded life pleads some excuse ; but I—I to quarrel, and offend—'tis the air, 'tis the country air—I've caught the breezes of the Yorks and Lancasters, and they have blown me top-side down—But here's my haven and my hope—come, come !

Mrs. Aubrey (curtsying to Y. Doric). Sir, I've to thank you for your kindness.

Olivia (curtsying). And I once more, sir.—

Y. Doric. And I'm sure I've to thank you, ladies ; for never felt I rapture like the present ;
(*ladies*)

(*ladies and gentlemen cross the stage*) and since the trade's so pleasant and productive, should I again turn dealer in such merchandize—(*points to ball-room*).

Major. Oh ! we'll, we'll be your customers.

Y. Doric. Indeed ! then I'll this moment to my guests, and boldly ask them to a concert next.

—To-morrow, Major, we'll oppose Sir Edward ; and if you'll join in the direction, his shall conclude in a discordant solo.

Major. Ours in full chorus of harmonious joy.

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Outside of the Hermitage.*

Enter Miss STOIC and NICHOLAS from Hermitage.

Miss Stoic.

DOLT! dotard! to fend away Sir Edward Specious' servant—Go—call him back directly.

Nich. Lord, ma'am, what can I do? You abuse me for admitting Mrs. Aubrey in the morning, and then the major brings her home at night.

Miss Stoic. Ay; and Olivia with her; and therefore Sir Edward is the very person I would hear from. Away! *[Exit Nicholas.]*

Olivia's innocence confirm'd, I cannot turn her from my door, but, like my brother, must confess I've been impos'd on by a slanderous world!

Re-enter NICHOLAS, with SIR EDWARD'S Servant.

Ser. From sir Edward Specious, Madam. *(giving her a letter.)*

Miss Stoic. Now, then! *(reads)* "As I must not have the pleasure of seeing you, owing to your solitary life, I write to say, I have been deprived of Miss Olivia's hand and heart by the malignity of her artful Governess; but with your kind assistance, I still hope to call her Lady Specious."—With my assistance! Oh! I understand—and he shan't want an opportunity—I'll fend an answer in an hour, and till then, let calm philosophy compose his mind; *(Exit Servant)* for, as the antient Bard expresses it, "Man's but a vapour, and full of woes—just cuts a caper, and down he goes."

Enter,

Enter, hastily, from the House, MAJOR TORNADO.

Major. Help, Sister! help to relieve the garri-
son, or it will surrender at discretion; for there's
Olivia has been storming it with such a volley of
interrogatories.

Miss Stoic. What interrogatories?

Major. Why, poor girl! such as, Why I adopted
her without seeing her—why I concealed from her
her parents' names—and I can't stand it—I can
march up, like a hero, to the mouth of a lighted can-
non, but the voice of a supplicating woman!—Do
you know, because I named Lord Danvers with
unusual feeling, she snatched his picture from me.

Miss Stoic. Lord Danvers' picture?

Major. Ay: and I can't get it back again; but
I hope—Zounds! I don't know what I hope.—
Sister, befriend me, tell her at once my sacred
promise to Lord Danvers.

Miss Stoic. Your sacred promise!

Major. Ay: to her former benefactor—to that
gallant friend, who, wounded in his country's
cause, and dying upon India's plains, implored me
to protect his infant charge—"Take her," he cried,
"and, to secure her from her parents' power,
swear never to reveal their names, but call her
by your own!" I pressed his hand in token of
compliance; he told me more of the disastrous
tale, and, blessing me, expired—Impart thus much,
and pity for us both will teach her to be silent.

Miss Stoic. And if pity don't, philosophy will;
for she shall copy my superior mind, and smile at
this world's vain pursuits. —Brother, 'tis done.
(going).

Major. Thanks, thanks!—Be careful though,
hint not Lord Danvers was her grandfather, but
say

say that he adopted her, like me, from motives of humanity.

Miss Stoic. Think you I'll help her to unfold the names of parents who so wrong'd her? No; I have hitherto, myself, neglected her, and therefore shall atone by tender, sisterly and philanthropic care.

Major. What a pair of treasures! (*kissing her hand*)

[*Exit Miss Stoic.*]

Bless my soul! I'm so agitated, and so happy—I'll build my cottage this moment—I'll turn country gentleman for life, and, with dear Olivia, a husband for her like Mr. Doric, a young family, a pack of hounds—Yorks, Lancasters, and a large farm in my own hands, I'll bring rural tactics to such perfection, that retired brother-officers shall say, Gibraltar besieged is dull to my modern cottage.

O. Doric. (without) Very glad to see you indeed, old boy—and that's the house of the old Hermitesfs, is it?

Major. How now! old Hermitesfs! More agitation! oh ho! (*retires*)

Enter Old Doric and Tradelove.

Tradel. Your hand again, old schoolfellow! What, so you came here for amusement, I suppose?

O. Doric. Quite the contrary—came on business—call'd suddenly from London to Somersetshire—met Bob Smalltalk at Bristol—know Bob Smalltalk of your town? Got into gossip—told me of all your new building-jobs—new town-hall, bridge, family-seats—so being only forty miles off, rode post-haste on speculation, and, except horse-bolting after fox-chase, and pitching me from one county to another——

Tradel. Indeed!—why 'slife! were you much hurt?

O. Doric,

O. Doric. No; quite the contrary. And now I'm here, mean to take one George Dorville by surprise; and, over a bottle, thank him for the account of Jack's reformation. (*producing a letter*) Harkye, another Inigo Jones—going to town to turn active partner—and would sooner—but bad company——mistook, and went to west end of town; when, notorious now, fashionable people all come into the city.

Tradel. What! to pay money into their bankers' hands?

O. Doric. Quite the contrary; to borrow money of their bankers—and where one smart equipage jogs down St. James's-street, twenty rattle up Ludgate-hill—But time's precious; must make interest 'gainst my rival architects—so, mum!—first canvass Nick's old sweetheart here.

Major. (*behind*) Nick's old sweetheart!

O. Doric. And mine also, ha! ha! We were the honest men long searched for in the dark by old Diogenes the second.

Major. (*advancing*) Sir, answer me—Who the devil do you call old Diogenes the second?

O. Doric. What's that to you, Sir?

Major. Every thing, sir: and I insist you own this lady's hatred to the world proceeded solely from her hatred to its vices (*pointing to the Hermitage.*)

O. Doric. No: quite the contrary.

Major. What!

O. Doric. Why, don't I know? Didn't she write red-hot love-verses in the newspapers, under the signature of Laura Seraphina; and didn't my friend, Ned Nick, the attorney, answer them by the name of Rolando Furioso? And didn't the press groan for months with "Feelings amaranthine! Chains adamantine! and bleeding hearts panting?"

Major.

Major. What then, sir?

O. Doric. Why, then didn't Furioso, that is, Nick, the lawyer, work himself into such a real passion for his unknown Seraphina, that is, Dorothy, the spinster,—that, after chasing the incognita through sylvan vallies, and thro' flowery meads, he at last found her in the dark alcoves of Crutched Friars; and, alas! instead of the roseate youth, and dazzling smiles the glowing poet fancied, he saw such wrinkles, and such wizen looks, that, to console his heart's despair, he——

Major. He what, sir?

O. Doric. Why, he charg'd her 6s. and 8d. for every stanza, and sent Seraphina a bill of costs, as long as his own face! and then I went between 'em, as their modern, mutual friend—and being, as you see, a sort of lady's man, she forced me to reject her too, and then, like all philosophers, she left the world, because the world left her; but I can make her think it still a paradise—and the reward I ask—hark ye! (*pulling Major towards him*) is to be architect to her old fiery, bully-loving brother.

Major. What old fiery, bully-loving——

O. Doric. Why, he from India; and he must comply; for the poor nabob's Seraphina's pigeon.

Major. Very likely. (*putting on his hat fiercely*) But he's not your's—a fiery, bully-loving——dare you, to my face, repeat that?

O. Doric. No; quite the contrary. (*in great alarm*)

Major. 'Tis well; and I'll this moment to my sister; not to distress, but to amuse her with your vanity; for if she ever deign'd even to look—pooh! stick to your trade—raise houses upon terra firma, and don't build castles in the air; for, tho' not bullying, as you suppose, I prize my sister's honour

honour as my own, and carry arms for you and Furioso. *[Exit into Hermitage.]*

O. Doric. What! reflect on my profession! stop—come back!

Tradel. Nay, now, 'tis but a paltry cottage, and you are losing better jobs. Come, I have one in view for you myself.

O. Doric. Indeed!

Tradel. Ay: with a man of real consequence. I cannot exactly recollect his name,—he gave a sumptuous ball last night, and all are pushing for his custom. I've got it for myself already, and now, I'll kindly speak a word for you.

O. Doric. Will you? that's noble! lead on—and, for yon swaggerer's base reflections—zounds! let him be told, 'tisn't the occupation makes the man, it is the man makes the occupation. And, in this great commercial land, an honest tradesman, who can pay his way, may strut with any nabob in the world. So, if you think I am afraid—pooh! quite the contrary. *(putting on his hat)*

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*A room in Sir Edward Specious's house.*

Enter the DELINQUENT.

Delin. 'Sdeath! I grow weary of his villainy; it is not further to be borne; for, whilst thus constantly employed in covering his detested crimes, perhaps the object that I seek calls loudly for protection; and, desperate as I am, would I not rather succour than oppress, even my deadliest foe? but one, who's twined around my heart—Oh! let me burst my ignominious chains, and fly from this disgraceful—

Enter

Enter Sir Edward Specious hastily.

Sir Edw. So ;—this is fortunate !—partake, partake my triumph ! for, spite of all their paltry arts, the faithless fair is in my power.

Delin. Indeed ! (*furlily.*)

Sir Edw. Ay : the lady she resides with means to-night, to take her to a concert,—and, mark—not only on the road, will leave her to your care—

Delin. Mine !

Sir Edw. Ay : but so confine this hated governess by stratagem and art, that, bear her pupil but on board my yacht,——

Delin. Never !

Sir Edw. How ! dare you ?—

Delin. I dare—when first, abroad, I answered for your faults, they were the offspring of gay, giddy youth ; and still the noble name of gentleman was not quite lost in your pursuits ; but when, to gratify licentious passion, you'd doom one virtuous woman to confinement, and force another to despair and infamy, you wrong, without redress, that sex, which man but lives to love and to protect.

Sir Edw. Wretch ! traitor ! must I remind you who you are ?

Delin. No ; tell me who I was.

Sir Edw. I will ; for it will gall you to reflect, that you, the proud Sir Arthur Courcy, of Northumberland, famed for his landed and commercial rank, implored my father to become his bail, and meanly left him to discharge the debt.

Delin. Ha !

Sir Edw. (*holding Delin.*) And after that, when this Sir Arthur's bankruptcy ensued, dared he appear to his commission ! no ; he fled the kingdom—and now, as outlaw—ay, as outlaw, may

may be tried for crimes, most flagrant and felonious.

Delin. Peace! or, by heaven!——

Sir Edw. Nay, more,—this outlaw spread such desolation round, that many a peasant's cheerful home was changed to drear imprisonment; and his own family beside——

Delin. (breaking from him) Nay take my life, for every word's a dagger to that heart, that still could prove its motives were not evil; but that it boldly has involved itself, not skulk'd, like you, beneath another's name.

Sir Edw. 'Tis well, sir; but there was a time when you'd have own'd yourself obliged——

Delin. Knelt! proud Sir Arthur would have knelt! and risen prouder from the grateful posture; but when you trample on a worm, remember it has feelings—haply tender as your own.

Sir Edw. Well, well, perhaps I was too warm; forget what's past, and some more desperate agent shall be found.

Delin. What! you're resolved!

Sir Edw. I am! and had you granted this, my last request, it might have led e'en to reversing of your outlawry; for all those bonds my father purchased, from revenge, had been returned into your hands, and freedom thus restored, you might indeed regain the noble height from whence you fell.

Delin. What! freedom?

Sir Edw. Ay: and expect, besides, another bright reward: the lovely prize but once on board the vessel, we'll sail directly for Northumberland.

Delin. Northumberland!

Sir Edw. Yes; to that very spot, where, beyond doubt, the tender treasure that you seek, now claims the pity you so wish to prove.

Delin.

Delin. (having shewn much joy during the preceding speech) Will you? I am no longer master of myself—nature, resistless nature mounts within my soul, and, like a whirlwind, hurries me to action.—The time,—the place——

Sir Edw. There—this letter will explain (giving him letter) no more—away!

Delin. Ah: to my native shore,—to liberty, to life! (*rushes out.*)

Sir Edw. Within there!

Enter Servant.

Serv. Where is the master of my yacht?

Serv. Tom Tackle, Sir? Oh! he's below in the hall, Sir.

Sir Edw. I'll come to him. [*Exit Servant.*

Pride—love—revenge!— all, all will triumph now! [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*Outside of the Hotel.*

Enter Dorville from the Hotel.

Dorv. Not yet returned! Surely no creditor has come from town and suddenly arrested him. Plague on't! if there has—now, at the moment when this letter from his uncle gives hopes of lasting happiness and wealth. Well, well, I'll seek and shew him—Oh, he's here; and, as I feared—by heaven! two bailiffs with him!

Enter Young Doric, followed by two Persons.

So, you're at last rewarded as you ought.

Y. Doric. Yes, I am, exactly; for this gentleman, an active, enterprising upholsterer (*Upholsterer bows very*

very low) has almost forced me to take a ready furnished villa of his about a mile off. And this gentleman, a smart advertising wine-merchant (*Wine-Merchant bows also*) actually insists on stocking it with his own best port and Madeira; and 'tis no fault of mine, for, as I said before, upon my honour, gentlemen, I doubt very much whether I can pay you.

Wine Merch. Oh, we know who we're trusting! One who is visited by all the town.

Upholst. So noticed, so respected—and by such solid and substantial—Do, pray indulge us; say 'tis a bargain, and we'll fly to execute your orders.

T. Doric. Well: since I must indulge you—fly, fly, my fine fellows!

Upholst. Enough:—And we shall ever feel so much indebted to your kindness. (*Bowing both very low*)

T. Doric. (*returning the bow*) Not more than I shall feel indebted to you, gentlemen.

[*Exeunt Wine-Merchant and Upholsterer.*]

And for the fair, industrious tradesman's sake, I am glad that you are match'd; for 'tis such pushing and high-priced extortioners that injure credit, and make swindling flourish.

Dorv. It is; but they are right in their surmises now; for, by this friendly letter from your partner——

T. Doric. My uncle! What, from honest old Toby! and to you! Oh, let me read!—"Dear Mr. Dorville, in answer to your pleasing account of Jack's reformation, close study of architecture, and being now on the road to London, to take part as active partner"—Oh, you dear, friendly, lying, correspondent!—"I heartily thank you, and as I cou'dn't say more, if I were to write volumes, Your's, Toby Doric. P. S. Hope Jack will be in town to-night, being suddenly called on a building job to Bristol."

Bristol." So, by this letter, I am now in London—and I am here, surrounded by a whole town, all dressing for my concert.

Dorv. I know ; but if I write that you're detained, from over study and fatigue—

Y. Doric. Do : write this instant ; for, back'd by him, Olivia may be mine ! And then commence your book of travels—you'll knock up old Munchaufen.

[*Exit Dorville into Inn.*]

Oh ! ever credulous and complying uncle ! let me but coax you to a trifling settlement, only a paltry twenty thousand, to begin with—Oh ! (*kissing the letter.*)

Enter Old Doric and Tradelove.

Young Doric's back is towards them.

Tradelove. That's the great man—and, at the concert that he gives to-night—this famed Von Rapidotz, so puff'd for months in all the London papers.—

O. Doric. What ! that great Russian fidler ! he in England ! Go, and if no building job, get him to ask me to his concert.

Tradelove. Mum !—(*going up to Young Doric.*) Sir, my friend here is an architect,

Y. Doric. (*not turning round*). Pooh ! Pooh ! I haven't time. (*turning up towards the Hotel.*)

O. Doric. Stop—let me try. Sir, my name is Doric, of the Minorities.

Y. Doric. What ! (*much agitated, but not turning.*)

O. Doric. Doric and Nephew, that's the firm—and if you want a Blenheim, Wooburn, or a Castle Howard, Jack is quite capable, quite. (*with difficulty moves Young Doric round, who is trying to get away, and they meet face to face.*) Death and fury ! quite the contrary.

Y. Doric.

T. Doric. What, nunky! my dear fir!—(*going to embrace him.*)

O. Doric. Keep off, and answer me. Is this your style of studying architecture? And will these balls and concerts, and Von Rapidotz, get you one customer, or friend, you profligate?

T. Doric. To be sure; for don't great parties lead to great connections?

O. Doric. No: for when, at your request, I gave my gala in the Minories, those I left out all quizzed me, as "Beau Bricklayer;" and for my guests—some laugh'd at, none knew me, and many swore I was a damn'd bad waiter.

T. Doric. And where's the wonder? When, instead of chalking the floor, you painted it; and so late in the afternoon, that the wet oil tript up all the dancers; and when songs commenced, didn't you claim your privilege, as master of the house, and roar "Lullaby," and the "Beautiful Maid," 'till you were left clapping and encoring yourself?

O. Doric. And if I did, wasn't I, for a whole week after, almost poison'd and starv'd; for my old housekeeper wou'dn't allow me a bit of fresh meat, 'till I had fairly eat up every scrap and fragment. But we're no longer partners—no, a lawyer shall this instant draw up articles of dissolution, and I'll not only never quit you till you sign them, but so expose you in the town——

T. Doric. Expose me, fir! Expose a gentleman!

O. Doric. Ay, there it is—though born to trade, your father bred you as a gentleman; and, to my mind, we are all gentlemen and ladies now; for whilst each maid *out-grecians* and *out-attitudes* her mistress, my milkman's daughter, Miss Gloriana Georgiana Chalky, daily rubs out her father's scores, by learning scores from Monsieur Kickpailini—and so, expect me with the articles.

T. Doric.

Y. Doric. Stay, fir—one word. You used to love me as a son; and if I should gain trade by these assemblies—

O. Doric. Why then—pooh! 'tis impossible!

Y. Doric. Nay, join the concert—hear but this famous Russian play; and if he don't tickle them like trout—

O. Doric. What! he'll—(*smiling.*)

Re-enter Dorville from the Hotel, with the Letter.

Dorv. Here—here's another batch of lies—here's another tickler for old Toby.

O. Doric. Hem! (*putting on his hat.*) Quite the contrary.

[*Exit.*

Dorv. Why, zounds! what brought him here?

Y. Doric. And, zounds! what brought you here, just at the moment?—but I'll be after him, and—No, dam'me, I am wanted at the concert—so, follow him, and make amends—Speak of my villa, and my stock of wines—prove that the town quite likes to be deceived—say I am in love—say—

Dorv. Fear not—I know the prize that you contend for.

Y. Doric. Aye: I say 'tis not rank, or riches, or renown; but more than all combin'd; for 'tis fair woman, and connubial bliss;

And if it ends in but a valued wife—

Say I'm at home, and architect for life.

[*Exeunt.*

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*An Anti-Chamber leading to Concert-Room.*

Enter YOUNG DORIC, *meeting the* MAJOR.

Major.

WHERE'S this Von Rapidotz, so long extoll'd in every public print? Why, he has so cut up Sir Edward's concert, that there's more fiddlers than company.

Y. Doric. And I'm overflowing; but Miss Olivia, Major—

Major. Oh! the dear girl; my sister's grown so fond of her society, that she can't bear her from her sight, and therefore brings her in a chaise herself; and, now, if you would know, beside, the person that Olivia's fond of, come here—I'll whisper in your ear.

Y. Doric. 'Slife! whom, Sir?

Major. Doric—Jack Doric—I told her you should know the secret; and I am glad, with all my heart; for you've so true a taste for rural sports, that poets well may paint the blessings of a country life, if all, like you, thus made the welkin ring with song, with dancing, and with revelry.

Y. Doric. Sir, you amaze—transport—

Major. I know, and therefore I will tell you more.—Prove you are no adventurous fortune-hunting—your pardon; but as we're total strangers, and as Olivia has suffered by man's perfidy so long, pray (*taking his hand*) pray excuse me, but were you guardian of so sweet a flower, you would do much to shelter it from danger.

Y. Doric. And, as her lover, I could kiss the
D hand

hand that raised, that nourished, and would thus defend it. Be satisfied—I will not think of an alliance, till you're convinced that I deserve it.

Major. Enough—and now, once more advance we to the rural warriors. Mind tho', my sister must consent; for 'tis my pride to follow her advice, in spite of Rollo Furioso. (*going, returns*) I hope—I trust you'll be Olivia's husband,—you were her friend when I forgot that name, and if your motives be not worthy——

T. Doric. Look, fir, is this the countenance——

Major. No; you've those open fascinating smiles, that would enliven e'en recruiting officers; ay, or make lawyers chuckle in vacation—And so, I charge you, let me quickly give the two best parties an old man can witness—a wedding and a christening dinner, boy.

[*Exit.*

T. Doric. Ay; or a young man's either—for they're substantial food—Oh! rapturous thought! Olivia may be mine! But how! unless my uncle will relent, I'm the adventurous fortune-hunting——

Enter DORVILLE.

Well, George, what luck? Did you o'ertake—?

Dorv. I did: I found him at the lawyer's, and he's so anxious to dissolve the partnership, that they are actually preparing the articles.

T. Doric. What! there's no hope?

Dorv. None—but the chance of this night's concert. He can do nothing till to-morrow.

T. Doric. Right—and if Olivia would arrive——

O. Doric. (without) I will—I will come up, I tell you.

T. Doric. So, there ends the battle, at a knock-down blow—Try, try again—I'll stand apart.

(*Retires up stage.*

Enter Old Doric, with paper in his hand.

O. Doric. So—all in grand style, I see—friends, fiddlers, footmen,—crowds, coronets, constables, pick-pockets, peace-officers—and, tell me, sir, was I insulted by my nephew's orders?

Dorv. Insulted, sir! by whom?

O. Doric. By his constables—his staff-officers from London; for, taking me for an Old Bailey acquaintance, they cock'd their eyes, and bawl'd aloud, "Vy, Dicky, you be'nt expected."—"No," says I, "nor Toby either; but I warrant we're both of us as good as many of the company"—and so I forced my way,—and so, sir, show me to the concert-room, for Jack shall sign these articles directly.

Dorv. Nay, sir, consider—you will be his ruin.

O. Doric. Well let him thank himself—he knows he was my favourite, and, now, when building is the first profession,—aye, you may stare, sir—but, are not all men measured by their houses? Stand they not long or short in public estimation, according to the size of their apartments? And don't great rooms make painters, dentists, and e'en surgeons great? for, who will follow genius to a garret? None—so, lead the way, and quick! dispatch! for if, as partner, I pay half the piper—i'cod! I'll hear some piping for my money. *[Exit with Dorville.]*

T. Doric. Wheugh! beat! beat for ever! and, at the very crisis, when, with his friendly aid, I might have shouted victory! Well, well, I cannot blame him—*(Music within.)* Ah! there's Von Rapidotz—Pooh! his famed flourishes are useless now. *(More music, and cries of "Bravo—Bravissimo" within.)* Hark! with what shouts they hail his first attempt. I'll rouse! I'll profit by the sound; for music, that can bend the knotted oak, may soften e'en old Toby's heart.

Re-enter Old Doric, with the Articles.

O. Doric. Sign, sign directly, or we smash together—Oh! you're indeed an active partner. I thought at most it would have cost five pounds; but here to have the first appearance of a player, whose price, in Russia, is two hundred ducats.—

T. Doric. Who says so, sir?

O. Doric. Who? every public print: and 'tis no wonder, for the whole room was in an ecstacy, almost before he moved his elbows—Ay, and when, by chance, he dropt his diamond pin, young, old, lame, splenetick, all tumbled, neck and heels, to have the glory of replacing it.

T. Doric. (*with exultation*) Indeed!

O. Doric. And one, a travelling gentleman, who often had been charmed with him abroad, swore instinct was his music-master, for that his father was a poor Cossack.

T. Doric. That's capital! for I'm his father!

O. Doric. You!

T. Doric. I made, I nam'd—I praised—him, as you heard: and fam'd Von Rapidot is Jack's own child.

O. Doric. What! (*with astonishment.*)

T. Doric. Mum! he's a poore migrant from Swisserland, who, having nothing to support himself, his children, and his wife, but some wild talent in the art of music, applied, in vain, to get employment—in vain, because he wanted name and reputation—I gave him every thing—I puff'd him, as a prodigy, and all good-naturedly, so, take my word, that,—ha! ha! ha! whilst one hears him, where he never played, others huzza before they hear at all.

O. Doric. (*smiling*) Zounds! you most impudent—

Y. Doric. Why, where's the harm? when thus they're in such ecstasy? (*pointing to the room*) He came here, express, to tell me, he had glorious offers now, and speak his own, and his lov'd partner's joy—And, should it aid my partner—should it but lead to trade and to connection, I may regain an old friend's love, which, on my life, I covet from my heart; for, while yon senseless shouts afford no bliss, his approbation will secure my own.

O. Doric. It will—it will—(*tearing the articles.*)

Y. Doric. What! you are jesting!

O. Doric. No; quite (*tearing on*) quite the contrary. (*Embracing Young Doric.*) Dam'me! I'll give another gala myself, and at this villa Dorville spoke of; and ask a certain person, called Olivia—and, name what settlement you please; don't stand upon a thousand pounds or two—a concert, and a supper will soon settle that.

Y. Doric. Thanks—Thanks! and for my villa, consider it, at least, as half your own.

O. Doric. Half! we're partners, Jack—and, as I long to see it, and there's that old fiery, bully-loving Major, now brandishing his cane about the concert-room—come, I'll be off.

Y. Doric. Do; and my chariot, which now waits to take home visitors, shall instantly convey you—and, when the concert's over, we'll have a quiet supper by ourselves, and drink success to harmony, Von Rapidotz and trade—come!—

Enter Dorville, with a Servant, from Concert-Room.

Dorv. Stay, fir—one word.

Y. Doric. I can't—I must attend my uncle.

Dorv. What! to sign articles of dissolution?

Y. Doric. No: quite the contrary.

[*Exit arm in arm with Old Doric.*

Dorv. Bravo! that's excellent—and, William,
since

since the Major cannot guess why Miss Tornado is detained so long, go see if she be coming.

Will. Lord, sir, there are such crowds of carriages and people, that 'tis impossible to see, or hear, or——

Dorv. No matter; he is so vexed at her delay, that I desire you'll obey him. [Exit William.]

Re-enter Young Doric, laughing.

What! what adventure now!

Y. Doric. Oh! the best yet—the night's so dark, and there is such confusion 'mongst the carriages, that my stunn'd uncle, in his fright and bustle, seeing the door of a brown chariot open, coolly whips in, and, thinking it is mine, orders the coachman to drive home directly.

Dorv. Slife! and whose chariot was it?

Y. Doric. I know no more than he does; but this I know, the servants were so drunk, that they mistook him for their master; for they all bow'd, and drove him off in style—and, let them land him where they will, be it a palace, or a private gentleman's, he'll swear it is his partner's villa, and call for half of every thing he likes. But come—ere this Olivia is arrived.

Dorv. No; and I guess the cause—she is detained by this Miss Stoic;—and, now I recollect—what colour is the Major's chariot?—don't it resemble your's?

Y. Doric. It does; and should they drive him to the Hermitage!—Mum! we'll ask directly—and, as 'tis clear she'd part me from Olivia, may honest Toby take her house for mine! for he's so hasty, and so obstinate, that should they charge him to decamp, I shou'dn't wonder if he charged her too, and boldly march'd the hermit to the round-house.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE

SCENE II.—*Inside of the Hermitage.**Enter Nicholas, drunk, with a Tankard.*

Nich. So! success to solitude! for the Major's gone to the concert, and Mistress and Miss Olivia are gone—and Mrs. Aubrey;—no, she's not gone, because she's locked up in that Sanctum Sanctorum there. I believe somehow, I'm gone. (*loud knocking.*) Now, for a guinea, that's the Major in his chariot (*going towards door*). They say that too much ale, (*pointing towards tankard*) makes one see double; but, faith, for my part, I can't see at all—yes, I can; (*looking out*) I see, 'tis the Major.

Enter Old Doric.

Oh! your honour! (*bowing and reeling.*)

O. Doric. What! you're as sober as the rest. Why, zounds! they reel'd Jack's chariot thro' the air; but, pheugh! (*puffing himself*) I'm safe at home at last—and, as I live, (*looking round*) our villa is a pretty partnership concern—so snug—so tasty. Supper, Sirrah! (*very loud and authoritatively.*)

Nich. Supper! Why, Major!—

O. Doric. Major! begone!

[*Exit Nicholas.*]

The Coachman call'd me Major too: but 'tis their drunken folly—And, now as senior Co. to pop on the best chamber, and best bed, (*going to the door*) Why this door's lock'd—and, as it seems, inside, (*looks through the keyhole*) What! a white petticoat! Oh, Jack! now, is this fair, and equal by your partner? But I'll be quits with you, for, as I'm first, and this, perchance, may prove the

the key, (*taking it from the wall*) I'll have my share.
(*opens the door.*)

Enter Mrs. Aubrey.

Madam, (*bowing*) you're welcome to our villa,
(*smiling and putting up his chitterlin*).

Mrs. Aub. Your villa! no poor evasion, sir—
Where is the owner of this mis-called Hermitage?
who lured me to that secret room, and then, unknown to me, secured the door.

O. Doric. Hermitage! (*alarmed and looking about*)

Mrs. Aub. Aye, where is the artful Miss Stoic?
But, to my joy, Major Tornado comes—and in
so right a cause——

O. Doric. Major! what, that old fiery, bully-
loving—(*looks out*) oh! ho! talk of the right
cause, dam'me, I'm in the wrong box, and that
rascal, Jack, has shoved me in the lion's den, with-
out a partner to share half the mawling.

Miss Stoic (without.) Nay, brother, 'twas your
fottish servant's fault.

Major (without.) S'blood! sifter, I'll play the
devil.

O. Doric. There! he'll play the devil! Not
that I am afraid of a whole troop of Majors.

Major (without.) Granted!

O. Doric. Oh, lord; he's here!

[*Exit hastily into door in back scene.*]

Enter Major Tornado and Miss Stoic.

Major. Granted—'tis no fault of your's, sif-
ter; and Olivia is by this time safe at the con-
cert; but, much as I'm prepar'd for rural sports,
to miss her, and to miss my chariot; and after
walking home thro' rain and dirt, to find my ser-
vants all laid flat with that arcadian leveller
called ale——

Mrs.

Mrs. Aub. Where is Olivia, Sir?

Miss Stoic. (*aside, and much agitated*) How!

Major. Why, more rustic bliss! *Mrs. Aubrey!* the chaise was fractured in a chrystal stream——

Mrs. Aubrey. I'll not believe it—no; why was I made a prisoner, madam? why thus confined—

Miss Stoic. Confined! brother, 'tis well philosophy has steel'd my mind.

Mrs. Aubrey. Philosophy! oh! when its source is virtue and strong sense, no system is more noble; but made the veil for worldly and ambitious views, 'tis a perverted term, and tho' it preach in saint-like language, it means, or leads to danger and destruction.

Major. Nay, when the world's so guilty, is there no merit in avoiding it?

Mrs. Aubrey. No; for if it be as misanthropes describe, let them remain, and help to correct its guilt, nor cowardly forsake what true philosophy might vanquish; but 'tis in vain—I see she triumphs, where I hoped to please; and since my heart forebodes new danger to Olivia, alone, once more I'll succour and protect her.

Miss Stoic. Protect! brother, they're leagued to rob me of your friendship; and this false story of confinement well corresponds with their associate's tale of love, respect and Seraphina.

Major. Associate! he! that old builder, who shall find I am the real Rollo Furioso (*shaking his stick*). Madam, my sister's honour (*noise within of something falling*) why, what's that noise, and in your sanctum sanctorum? Oh ho! (*going hastily towards the door.*)

Miss Stoic. Hold! dare not approach that hallowed ground. (*holding Major.*)

Major. Zounds! I will murder—(*breaking from her; and getting near the door; O. Doric rushes out.*)

O. Dor.

O. Doric. Don't—I ask pardon—and if you think I can defend that lady—(*pointing to Miss Stoic.*) Quite the contrary. [*Exit.*]

Miss Stoic. Sir, I insist—(*going*)

Major. Sister, one word—confess—impart where I can find Olivia; and if I can forget—

Miss Stoic. Go, ask the real culprits—ask of Sir Edward and his vile dependent, and for forgetting—I shall remember and resent for ever.

[*Exit.*]

Mrs. Aub. Ask of Sir Edward! Oh! mercy!

Major. Come, best of friends; and ruled by you, we will preserve Olivia still. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A Cavern—an opening in the back scene, and Yacht seen.*

Enter Tom Tackle, with three Sailors.

Tom. Come along, my lads; for tho' this Mr. Delinquent has brought the young lady safe into this cavern here, whilst we get the boat ready to receive her, yet, why shou'd she sigh, and hang upon him, and entreat him to take her away again? Lookye! I'll bet a seventy-four to a Thames wherry, he means foul play to Sir Edward—so, come, boys! first for the boat, then for our prize; and then we've done our duty by a noble, gallant master. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Olivia following Delinquent from Cavern.

Delin. Away! your eyes are basilisks.

Olivia. Oh! think—think how I was lured into your power—by apt contrivance, when the carriage broke, you flew to my relief, and I, believing you'd befriend and pity—

Delin.

Delin. Pity! for you! I need it for myself: for prove that reason holds, and the whole earth contains no bosom so unfeeling.

Olivia. 'Tis this that gives me hope—I'm sure you are no willing agent—*(falls at his feet)* and see—see at your feet one who, an hour ago, cherished the fond hope of being united to him she loved—now, sad reverse! alone, and guarded by a desperate crew, waiting to meet a worse than pirate's fury——

Delin. Forbear! it strikes me to my brain—my heart!

Olivia. *(clinging to him)* And if she calls for those, who mourn her loss; none, none shall answer her but winds and waves, and thus cut off—thus torn from every friend—

Delin. Friend! who are your friends? my curses on 'em! for, had they watch'd you as they ought, you had been safe, and I——that's comfort still—I'm not more criminal than he, who, trusting to this fiend-like sister's power——

Olivia. How! Major Tornado!

Delin. Ay; your own father—who first forsakes you on a slanderous tale, and then conceding to Sir Edward's plots, unites, like me, with villains to destroy you.

Olivia. What! class the virtuous with such infamy.

Delin. No; link the author of such evil——

Oliv. Hear me! tho' direst vengeance be the sure result, I will not have his name, who gave me more than life, compar'd one instant with a wretched hireling, whom, much as I condemn, I more despise myself, for having stoop'd to parley with such baseness.

Delin. Hireling! live I to—take my defiance then. *(seizes her hand, and suddenly draws back)* Gracious powers! does my sight fail, or—it is—
(reading)

(*reading*) Lord Danvers' picture! (*pointing to the hanging round Olivia's neck.*)

Olivia. Ay: and know the man that you call villain, is but my father by adoption; for when the brave lord Danvers fell, he charged him to protect his lov'd Olivia, and named her as his own; because, forsaken by her natural parents, they lost that right her generous benefactor claim'd.

Delin. (*looking at her closely, and raising the hair over her forehead.*) Nearer—still nearer! Oh heaven! that strong, resembling look! your hand—(*nearly fainting.*)

Olivia. Mercy! this strange, mysterious—

Delin. Soft! not a word—steal gently, or they'll hear—now, swift as lightning—(*trying to force her off with rapidity.*)

Enter Tom Tackle, and Sailors meeting them.

Tom. So—we have caught you, fir—and you, false lady—part them this instant. (*forces Olivia from Delinquent, and with another sailor, stands between her and Delinquent.*)

Delin. Never! for wild and savage as I'm proved, e'en the tiger springs to guard its young; and Nature arms a parent with such nerves, that if one moment she'll forget past wrongs, I'm gifted with a giant's strength, and thus rush on, to clasp my long lost daughter to my heart. (*forcing by Tom and Sailors, and embracing her.*)

Olivia. Father! forget! Oh! let me bend—(*going to kneel.*)

Delin. To heaven! you had a father there. (*pointing to heaven.*)

Tom. What!—she—you!—speak!——your own daughter?

Delin. Ay: and for her I fought my native land; for her I sunk to slavery and shame—and

you, who boast an English sailor's name, and often conquer by humanity, will you still fight in a seducer's cause? or, struggling for a father's rights, give him the means to recompense his child for crimes that make her shudder at his sight.

Tom. Oh! now I do understand, force have been used—and since sir Edward is so main fond of public praise, we sailors will instruct him how to gain it—not by betraying, but protecting women—and for his paltry vessel, and the command,—that for 'em both!—better to serve before the mast and die, as our brave comrades have, abroad, than sink a name which they have rais'd to such immortal glory—Come, you've no time to lose—come to my mother's cottage, and I'll tell Sir Edward.

Delin. Do; tell him to imitate your bright example; Oh! my Olivia! hereafter you shall know all that I dare reveal—but much as I've endured, this—(*kissing her hand*) this repays me!

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Cottage and Villa outside. Practicable Window in Cottage.*

Enter Tom Tackle from the Cottage.

Tom.

MESS! I can't stand it—for fond as I am of sea, yet what with mother's sobbing, and this poor fether and daughter sobbing, I've had such doses of saltwater—and then this master I so lov'd, this false Sir Edward!—dang it! I know not how to steer, but this I know, he's waiting to be told she's safe on board, and should he find them in that cottage—Well, well, I'll do my best, and if I've luck enough to make this poor Delinquent swim, and bring my master to the port of honour, I shall bless fortune more than if I'd won Newmarket losses through the year.

Enter Sir Edward, hastily.

Sir Edw. So—I have found you, sir;—and by your long delay, I fear to ask—speak, is Olivia safe?

Tom. Quite—quite safe, your Honour.

Sir Edw. What, my friend bore her to the ship?

Tom. He did—she's the nicest, the loveliest—but, begging your pardon, sir, the North's a long way off, and 'tis so much more real and genteel to marry in one's parish church, that with your leave, I'll step to Parson Poppit's house.

Sir

Sir Edw. Hold, fir—instant conduct me to my prize.

Tom. What, to the vessel?

Sir Edw. Ay, to partake and glory in my triumph—Come.

Tom. To be sure, Sir—I know my duty to a noble, tender-hearted master (*sarcastically*). But since your friend has kindly kept his word, those bonds you promised in return (*with anxiety*), are they about you, fir?

Sir Edw. No—they are not, fir?

Tom. That's lucky, very lucky; for as I never had the means to free a messmate on my own account, let me on yours: give me your keys, I'll follow you on board: and talk of glory and of triumph, I'd rather save one drowning friend, than sink a hundred foes—though I can do that too whenever they insist on such a movement.

Sir Edw. Freedom to him;—who more than ever must conceal—never but the reward I promised *you*, the purse that was to save your honour;—here, take it.

Tom. What! save my honour at the loss of honesty! Come, come, fir, I'm not penny wise and pound foolish either; and for the sake o' justice (*throwing the purse down*) let it cast anchor there; for it will do more good in any hands than his, who thus misuses what his friend so needs: I'll seek reward elsewhere (*going towards the Cottage*).

Sir Edw. Stay, Sir—you stir not (*following him, and stopping short on looking through the Cottage window*.) Heavens! that form! it is—Olivia in the arms of this detested wretch! and you to shelter—confusion! let me pass, and since his fate is in my hands, thus I'll baffle and o'erwhelm them.

Tom.

Tom. You cannot—will not! he is—

Sir Edw. Her lover, villain!

Tom. No—her father.

Sir Edw. Father!

Tom. Aye, there's the treasure he so long to find; and think on how and where they met—think who reduced him to ensnare his own lost, doating daughter, and look, behold—(*Sir Edward turns away*), what I thought, I knew it, and I can feel for you as much as them; for I had rather fight the navy of the world, than face a friend so shipwreck'd and forlorn.

Sir Edw. (*after a pause*). On what—on what have they resolv'd?

Tom. To sail to Italy, or share imprisonment. (*Sir Edward crosses hastily*). Where, where be't going, sir?

Sir Edw. Distract not, torture not with questions; follow me.

Tom. What, to atone?

Sir Edw. Atone! a common tale would not have check'd my design; but to persist in plunging in despair parent and child long parted and thus found, demands that daring and ferocious spirit, which still, thank heaven, your coward master needs. Come, and receive the promised deeds.

Tom. Aye, and the purse too; for 'tis the present of a noble master now, and I am flatter'd by accepting it.

Enter Major Tornado, behind.

But, I say, hint not Sir Arthur Courcy is in England, or that 'twas he who forc'd away his daughter, because this Major and his hermit sister these two field officers, ye see.

Sir Edward. I know, but let me hasten to repair my own heart-rending wrongs.

Tom.

Tom. Do; and Sir Arthur will repair this old hero in his leading-strings; and so, sir, here go two men of honour! { *Exeunt.*

Major Tornado (advancing). Arriv'd in England! he! her father prove to be the wretch—Well, after this I have no hope of agitation, an earthquake cou'dn't move me; and I who pledg'd my sacred honour to Lord Danvers, ever to guard her from this worst of foes. I—they're right—quite right, I am indeed in leading-strings; but I will burst at once to manhood, and shew this base Sir Arthur Courcy— (*As he is going*)

Enter Old Doric.

Old Dor. Sir Arthur Courcy! what, of Rowland Castle?

Major Tor. Ay, once owner of that stately pile.

O. Doric. Stately indeed! for I was architect: I built, I alter'd, I improv'd; and while each town and road-book pay me compliments, icod, they little think that's all I'm paid.

Major Tor. What, not paid?

O. Dor. No: and when Sir Edward Specious wish'd to buy up my debt, says I, "the art of dunning, like the art of trade, consists in sticking close; and whilst a polish'd creditor, like you, might wait and wait, till doomsday, even attornies say, pay that old pestering Toby first, or we shall have no peace: and then you're call'd a gentleman, and get their thanks; I'm dubb'd a savage, but I get my money."

Major Tor. You are the creditor I want: hark ye, he is in England, now, somewhere in the neighbourhood.

O. Doric. The neighbourhood?

Major Tor. And his wrong'd child, Olivia, whom I fought, she, she is in his power; but you can save her by confining him, and for the debt,

I'll pay it ten times o'er ; but I will part her from a wretch, whom pity, honour, and revenge—come, this will do, I have the old heroic feel.

O. Doric. So have I : and whilst you are seeking him, I'll get the proper real officer, and betwixt law and war—Say, shall I find you at the Hermitage?

Major Tor. No ! I've had enough of hermitages ; you'll find me yonder at the inn, where, worn with terror and anxiety, poor Mrs. Aubrey now must hear, that 'tis this outlaw has ensnar'd Olivia, and by my credulous and restless—look ye, if time should ever hang heavy upon your hands, find out some honest mode to fill it up, and not like me—Zounds ! even now I'm wasting it—dispatch, restore her to my power, and the whole world combin'd—yes, Tornado is himself again. [Exit strutting.]

O. Doric. Yourself ! that's against you, for in my mind you'd better be any body else, and so perhaps had I, for I came here to see Jack yonder in his real villa, and hear the rogue's excuses, and now I'm going to confine the father of the girl he'd marry : Come, come, before I cross him in his love, let me first see I'm not made a fool ; let me be sure my partner's gain'd no customers, for if he has, that for Tornado and his bouncing ; I'll take Sir Arthur by the hand, and as the father of my nephew's wife, tap all who tap him on the shoulder, ha ! ha !—This is no hermitage I hope—no, no, this augurs property and trade.

(*As he is going to knock at the door of Villa, enter from it Upholsterer and Wine Merchant hastily.*)

Upholst. Come along, we've told him he's found out, and now we'll take another way to match this swindling profligate : come, quick, quick.

O. Doric. Swindling ! what swindling?

Upholst. Why, this young fashionable Mr. Doric ;

Doric ; and if, like us, you are a creditor, 'tis fair to give you notice ; he hasn't change for sixpence.

O. Doric. No !

Upholst. No : but his partner has, one Toby Doric, who expects great building contracts from his influence ; he, he shall pay the piper, and we are upon the search : Mum ! he is not far off.

[Exit with Wine Merchant.

O. Doric. No, but he will be in a twinkling, for when he works upon his own account, 'tis by the job, and not the day, as quick as he can do it.

Enter from the house Young Doric with papers in his hand.

T. Doric (in a melancholy tone.) Partner ! Partner ! won't you take your share ?

O. Doric. No, you are welcome to the whole concern.

T. Doric. What, not go halves in these small memorandums, partner ! And 'tis no fault of mine ; the mayor, a sculptor by profession, so wish'd to make Von Rapidotz's bust ; and the two wives of leading aldermen so struggled for my company and his, that here's a contract for the new town-hall, another for the bridge ; and since the profit's all my own, I will go sum up my account : debtor for parties, a few paltry pounds : per contra creditor, for trade, enough to make me partner to Olivia.

O. Doric. May I believe you, Jack ?

T. Doric. Why, if you don't you're very singular, for with all else I'm quite Sir Oracle, except when I confess that I am poor, then they would rather trust me than my word ; and even there they're safe, for bless the corporation, here's a receipt in full of all demands ; and for the building

part (*taking his arm*) we are the two main pillars of the art : I the Corinthian, you the Gothic order.

O. Doric. I Gothic—I—(*smiling*). Jack, you're no fool, and start quack doctor, orator, or conjuror, I'll back your tricks, and be your partner still ; but now for your betroth'd, of whom I've much to tell you as we walk.

Y. Doric. Have you ? away then ; and I long to hear of the wrong carriage, and wrong house : ha ! ha ! it is a merry world ! and there are fools that love it for its folly : we are the wise, who revelling in its sports, get trade, get laugh——

O. Doric. Good cheer——

Y. Doric. And social love !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE THE LAST.—*A Forest, and distant View of the Sea.*

Enter Olivia and the Delinquent.

Olivia. Nay, father, I'm resolved.

Delin. 'Tis well : to part were more than nature fure could bear ; but still to share an exile and an outlaw's fate, and, galling thought, to sacrifice at least one valued friend, the kind Mrs. Aubrey—and for him who aggravates his guilt, by thus ensnaring and involving you.

Olivia. No, no, the friends I leave are prosperous and free ; and what if guilty ? you are still my father : and I, your daughter, should more guilty prove, if in affliction I'd another thought but that of aiding and consoling you—come.—Oh, if hereafter I should claim a recompence, 'tis to be told more of my mother than that Lord Danvers——

Delin. What more, Olivia ! Have a care ! the fever'd brain has ever one peculiar chord, which touch'd, convulses it to madness.

Olivia. Well, well, 'tis past—lead on (*noise without*). Hark! we're prevented.

Delin. (looking out). We are, and by Lord Danvers' friend; by him, no matter what his motive, who has so wrong'd and so neglected (*Olivia appeals*). Nay, since at all hazards I have gain'd my treasure, I'm not so void of fortitude and pride but, at all hazards, to maintain it.

Enter Major Tornado, hastily.

Olivia (flying to him). Oh! if you ever prized Olivia's peace, let me pass free.

Major Tor. Rash girl! (*taking hold of her*). Thus, thus, I part you from a man who, beggar'd by extravagance, sought safety for himself abroad, and left a virtuous, a lovely wife to ———

Delin. Hear me: was this Lord Danvers' story?

Major Tor. It was, and had he surviv'd his wounds a few moments more I should have known.

Delin. That 'twas my fate to marry with his daughter; I, who in wealth, in honour, and fair fame rank'd high enough e'en to gratify his ambition.—I made her mine, and in a few short years this virtuous, lovely, (for she was both) yet young, unthinking wife, ruin'd an easy husband's ample fortune, and overwhelmed him with bankruptcy with beggary—but I forget—there is her daughter, and though you dare to criminate her father, he scorns to shock her with her mother's errors.

Major Tor. Paltry evasion! when ruin and when bankruptcy ensued, did she suggest to you degrading flight?

Delin. No—stung with shame and with remorse, wild with my own and other's wrongs, and past prosperity still nursing pride, I had not courage to oppose the charge, but fled an outlaw, and commenced a slave. To the horror of my state I soon learn'd

learn'd that my unhappy wife, still plunged in fashion's vortex, had so gall'd her father's pride, he took Olivia from her care, and whilst Lord Danvers fought in India for repose, your mother pined and died.

Olivia. Died!

Delin. Ay, and with her all the recollection of her faults; for though Lord Danvers and his friend have deem'd it manly to resent, I felt it nobler to forgive. And love for her who still was faithful in her love! is all, Olivia, all that now survives (*embracing Olivia*).

Olivia. Forgive her! oh bless you! bless you! (*embracing him*).

Major Tor. I can't stand this, I am again at my credulity; but I will rouse: so, Sir, hear me. Are you the feeling father you profess?

Delin. Ah! sir——

Major Tor. Is exile a lov'd daughter's reward? or will her sharing lessen your affliction?

Delin. (*shewing compunction*) Oh, my child! my child!

Major Tor. And, since your doom is lasting exile or bondage, prove, prove you have no narrow selfish thought, and welcome it alone; be great (*Delinquent shews more compunction.*) be—— what! you submit, you'll yield her to her friends?

Delin. Yield! (*looking at Olivia and struggling with himself*). The torturing thought long struggled in my mind, but now it bursts, and I can proudly say, I am a feeling father: where is that friend who watch'd, who cherish'd, and has stor'd her mind with such transcendent charms, that 'tis past bearing to resign them: but 'tis decreed, she the best merits such a bright reward, and to her only will I yield it.

Major. What! What! Mrs. Aubrey! look, she approaches, (*Delinquent trembles and turns towards Olivia.*) and with joy I see her, for when she heard you

you were Sir Edward's agent, she shewed such agony, such—but this repays her. [Exit.]

Olivia. Father! for pity—

Delin. Olivia! I am firm; farewell, and in a happier world—(weeping and falling on her shoulder.)

Enter Mrs. Aubrey.

(*She is much agitated and tries in vain to look towards Delinquent—the Major takes her hand.*)

Delin. Now then (*advancing rapidly with Olivia—Mrs. Aubrey is turn'd from him.*) Madam, accept a grateful father's thanks, and as the best return for all your tender and maternal love—

Mrs. Aubrey. (*turning round and throwing herself at his feet.*) Plead, plead for me, Olivia: tell him that, struck with penitence and shame, I hop'd the virtues of a dutious daughter, might best atone the errors of his wife: and to instill into her mind precepts my parents taught me to despise, I spread the report of my death, and as your monitor enjoyed those rights which as a mother I so justly lost: but now my task's performed, and grieve not at our parting, child, for blessed with such a father's love, you may defy adversity and exile.

Olivia. Mother!—Speak, Father! speak!

Delin. I would, but tears prevent me. (*embracing her.*)

Major Tor. Now what a pretty figure do I cut! and what with believing false evidence, and disbelieving true, I hope I shall never sit on a court martial, if I do, it won't be over in a hurry: but this I'm fixed upon, you never quit your native land, while Indian gold or English valor can defend you.

Delin. Sir, 'tis in vain; besides Sir Edward, I've such mortal foes—

Major Tor. So you have; there's that old architect.

Enter

Enter Young Doric hastily.

Y. Doric. Pheugh! I'm out of breath, I've run so fast to be beforehand and forestall my partner and this Sailor——Sir Arthur, you're restor'd to liberty, Sir Edward has releas'd his debt, Doric and Co. have done the same, and should there still remain one who'd enforce the outlawry, I and the Major here, will give a ball, will pay the Savage with his own bank notes, or if that fails, liark'ye, (*taking the Major aside*) 'tis but to open the wrong chariot door and Rollo-like we'll shove him in a Hermitage.

Mrs. Aub. Restor'd to freedom! Olivia, unite with me again in thanking him.

Olivia. I do,—with heartfelt gratitude, and joy.

Delin. Sir, you remember that when last we met—

Y. Doric. I do, sir Arthur (*in a melancholy tone.*) I remember I left you out of my party, but if I luckily should get a wife and a more roomy mansion, speak—(*aside to Major again.*) and I'll ask you to the wedding supper.

Major Tor. He'll ask me to the wedding supper! What say you, Olivia? But here's the man.

Enter Old Doric and Tom Tackle.

So, sir, are you quite hostile still?

O. Doric. No, quite the contrary: I come with this brave tar to offer freedom to Sir Arthur, and chains to that dear tricking rogue. Sir, (*advancing and bowing to Sir Arthur*) we are only builders to be sure; but fashion being stamp'd more by long purses than long pedigrees, we from the city are the true beau-monde; and if you would but mix

mix your noble house with mine, (*Sir Arthur smiles.*) You will, Jack, sign and seal, (*Young Doric kisses Olivia's hand.*) and by your zeal mind that the new firm prospers like the old one!—mind you're no sleeping partner, boy!

Major Tor. (*shaking Old Doric by the hand.*) I'll build another Rowland Castle, on purpose to employ this same unrivall'd architect; and in Northumberland, on purpose to restore Sir Arthur to his native rank, and all I ask is to be join'd as partner in the firm; for draw for life on my benevolence, I'll pay your drafts, and thank you for accepting them.

O. Doric. (*bowing*) Oh gallant, penetrating Major—but you (*to Tom Tackle*) why don't you speak?

Tom. Because you won't let me: one walks before me, and t'other talks before me; but this I will say, here be the promis'd bonds, Sir Arthur, and I do hope that my unhappy master——

Delin. Shall be forgiven, for his servant's sake. Major, henceforth we're brothers—and you, the chosen husband of Olivia, make home the haven of your hopes, nor at the loss of fortune, time, and fame, seek peace in crowds, or friends in fashion's blaze.

T. Doric. Right:—for 'tis in fashion as in Galvanism, there may be now and then some twitches of feeling, but 'tis always cold at the heart—and in one place alone will I give galas more—here

Doric and Company, if you unite,
Hope to see company to-morrow night.

THE END.

EPILOGUE.

Written by W. THOMAS FITZ-GERALD, Esq.

Spoken by Mrs. H. JOHNSTON.

FASHION's the aim through every rank of life,
From the peer's consort, to the pedlar's wife;
All to her temple rush, the lame, the blind,
To court that tinsel idol of mankind!
Perch'd on a chequer'd-colour'd wheel she stands,
And scatters follies from a hundred hands!
Her slaves, to crowded routs, in shoals, repair
To find that first of joys!—the want of air;
Where beaux, in coats with sleeves like sacks, admire
Belles, almost dressed in Mrs. Eve's attire!
Oh! 'twas delightful! cries Lord Brilliant Airs,
So full! —I got no further than the stairs:
But ev'ry thing's in style at HUMBUG's Fête,
'Tis always crowded, and 'tis always late!
More lucky I, replies Sir Patrick Able,
When all the fowls were gone, I reach'd the table;
Yet, by my soul, it was not very neat,
To leave me nothing that a man could eat,
But chicken bones upon a dirty plate.*
Charming indeed! says ample Miss M'Birr,
I hate assemblies where there's room to stir:
Then turning round to Lady Betty Din—
Were you at Mrs B's?—'twas very thin;—
I scarce saw fifty coaches in the square,
And not a paper mentions who was there!†
The only means by which the world can know
What the Great do—or where the Dashing go;
Who walks the park, or who arrives in town;
Sir Peter Puddle, Mr. Black or Brown!

* Spoken in the Irish accent.

† Spoken in the Scotch accent.

EPILOGUE.

Thus o'er the Catalogue of taste they pore,
For names which never were in print before ;
And when they give a dinner, sure 'tis fair
To tell the town and country who were there—
Yet all that darling pleasure would be miss'd,
If the *kind host* did not supply the *list*.
I thought to go—but there the Author stands
With eager eyes and supplicating hands,
Making a hundred signs, for me to say,
He wishes you'd come often to his play :
Do so—and when the house is overflowing,
The trembling Bard shall own—to *Me* 'tis owing :
Let him bring ladies—I'll secure each beau,
For there's my card—where gentlemen may know
That *here*, to-morrow night, from seven to ten,
Mrs. H. I. SEES COMPANY again.

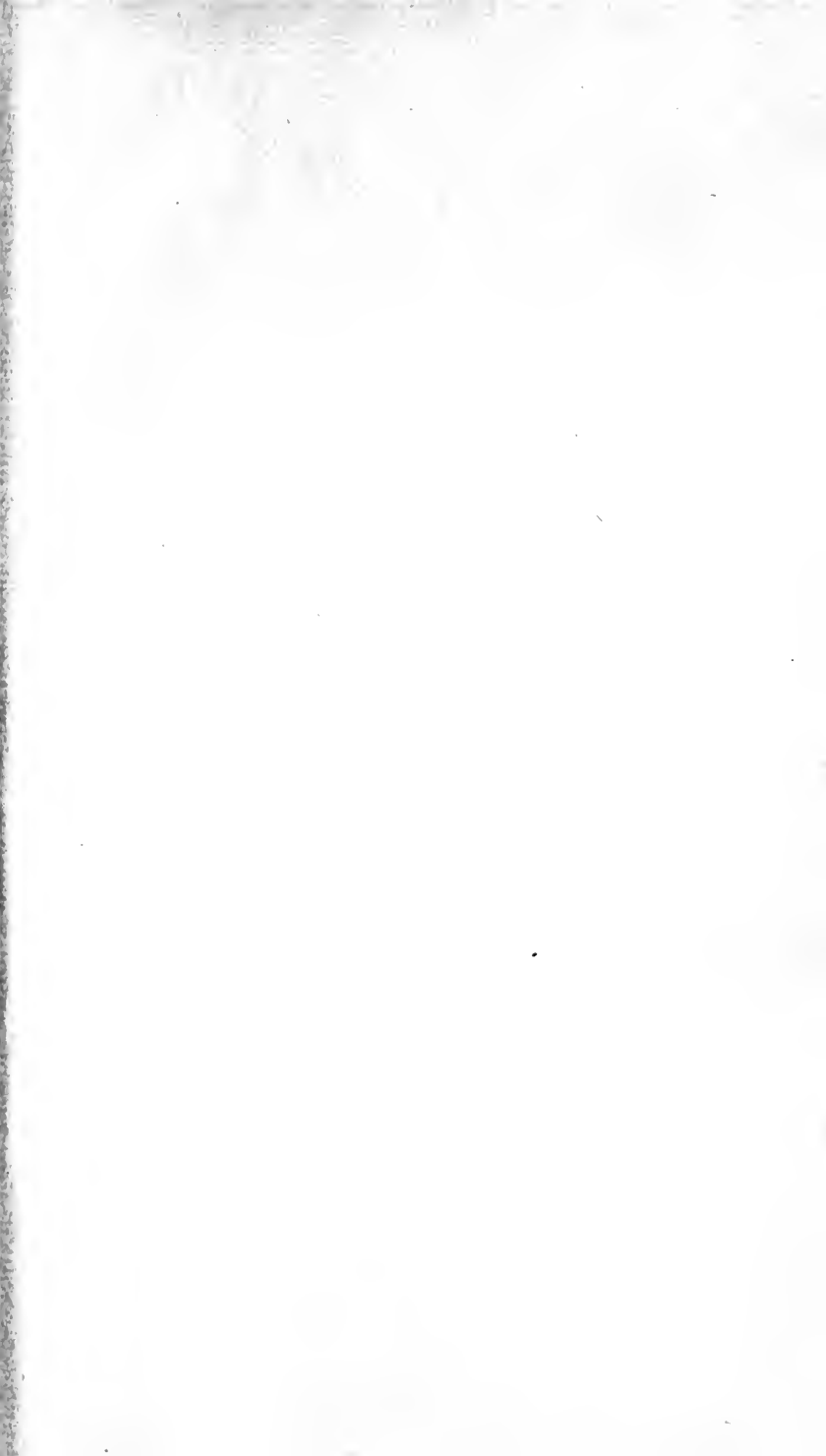
After a pause.

Thus having finished all my flippant part,
I now must speak the dictates of my heart.
Each smile I wore, conceal'd a half-check'd tear
Which long'd to flow on NELSON'S honour'd bier !
At that lov'd name each bosom heaves a sigh,
And drops of sorrow fall from ev'ry eye !
His mighty arm, at one tremendous blow,
Hurl'd Britain's Thunder on his Country's foe ;
But in the midst of his resistless fire,
His conquering fleet beheld their Chief expire !
Though England's ships in awful triumph ride,
With shatter'd navies captive by their side,
The tidings FAME with muffled trumpet brings,
And VICTORY mourns his loss in sable wings !
“ Britons ” she cries, “ though now my bosom bleeds,
Your naval sons shall emulate his deeds ;
Thus shall *his spirit*, rising from his grave,
Make future NELSONS triumph on the wave.”

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